Great Britains JUBILE;

OR

A Rural Preſent; to his Royall *Majeſty*, my Gracious, renowned, and Admired *SOVERAIGN*,

Charles the IJd.

OF

Great Britain, France, and *Ireland*,

King.

Defender of the Faith, &c.

In divers *Panegyricks*, and *Poems*, on ſeveral Objects, Perſons, and Occaſions: relating to his *ſacred Perſon*, and Progreſs.

Si Deus nobiſcum, quis contra nos, Rom. 8. 31.

By LANCELOT REYNOLDS, Gent.

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THE ROYAL OAK REVIVED:

SOME Branches thereof Illuſtrated, AND SOVERAIGN MAJESTY PROTECTED.

THat Royal Oak that kept my Gracious King,
Continue green, in Summer, Winter, Spring.

TO HIS

SACRED MAJESTY

Charles the II.

By the Grace of God *King* of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.

Most Dread and Admired Soveraign;

THe whole world cannot parallel such a Miracle of Mercy, as the Lord hath vouchsafed in your gracious and miraculous Preservation, and Restoration, beyond many mens expectation of your Sacred Majesty, unto us your obedient Subjects, and to be invested in your dear and Royal Fathers Throne, without effusion of blood. For which unspeakable mercy and blessing, let us magnifie the grand mercy of our good God, for his mercy endureth for ever, and render our thankfulness from the ground

and bottom of our hearts. As Artaxerxes *the Persian King, did kindly accept of a handful of fair water from his poor Subject* Sinates: *And another great Monarch, of a handful of roots from his poor Subject: So my hope is, that your Royal Majesty will be pleased, graciously to accept this Paper-present, proceeding from the heart, hand, and pen, of your most Loyal Subject, who doth truly reverence and honour your Sacred Person. Part of these poor unpolisht lines were intended against your Majesties coming to the Right Honourable* John *Lord* Poulet *of* Henton Saint George, *within the County of* Sommerset; *and to the Honourable Colonel* Francis Windham *at* Trent. *I am truly sensible of mine inabilities to answer expectation, and therefore do humbly sue for your gracious pardon: I beseech the ancient of days, to add many years unto your precious life. The Lord make your Sacred Majesty a special choice instrument of his glory, that you may reign gloriously here, and have a Crown of Immortal Glory hereafter; for the obtaining whereof, your Majesty shall have the most fervent and hearty prayers of*

Your Majesties most humble, loyal, and faithful Subject.

Lancelot Reynolds.

The Royall, famous Oak, now revived;
His Maiesties Court obscur'd for a time:
Some constant, faithful Courtiers, described;
Both now praised be God most bright do shine.

FOr to begin, with *Worsters* bloudy Fight
It would almost amaze the *World* to write:
Where they did kill and slay without measure;
And car'd not for their lives, but their Treasure.
The Fight was hot, and bloudy was that day:
It was indeed, a deadly mortall Fray.
Oh may we to our *God* most thankfull be
Who did preserve our *King*, our all in Thee.
'Tis beyound Mans thoughts, and admiration,
His Escape, and blest Preservation!
Of my *Soveraignes Person* and Deare Life,
Which comforts doth conveigh, to Man and Wife,
And Children likewise, doth thereof pertake,
Oh let us love him, for his own Names sake
He is our *Soveraigne Lord* that doth protect,
Friends, and Enmies, that do not him reject;
His Lawfull power, and his Command;
That doth *Gods* word obey, and firmly stand.

At *Worster*, at that great and cruel fight,
Our *royal Sov'raign* then was forc'd to flight:
He knew not where to go, to ride, or run,
To keep himself from being quite undone.
Our *blessed Saviour* did an *Oak* provide:
His *sacred Person*, for a time to hide:
Until Brave *Lord Wilmot*, did him remove:
Whereby he shew'd his Zeal, and faithful love.
Oh blessed *Oak*, that shel red my *dear Lord*:
Who alwayes trusted in Gods holy Word:
From sight of wicked, and ungodly men:
Not fit for Earth, but for a *Lyons Den*.
If that they meant my *Sov'raign* to destroy,
They would thereby, three Kingdomes much annoy.
When our *gracious Lord* was in distresse,
God did support him in his heavinesse.
To his *dear Lord*, then he did make his mone,
Who did him comfort, though he were alone.
Gods *Angel* guided him stil in his way;
In a most safe, and hollow tree to stay.
Oh, When, *dear Lord*, shall my weak eyes be blest,
To see that woman, gave my *King* sweet rest:
When his sad heart with sorrow did abound,
So rare escape, on Earth, can scarce be found.
The hollow *woods*, the *Trees* did comforts bring,
Unto our *gracious*, and admired *King*.
Did ever *God* for any *King* so work?
In time of horrid danger; for to lurk,

In ſo obſcure, and ſolitary place;
Where Gods *Vicegerent King*, by Gods high grace;
When griefs, fear, horror, did his ſoul affright,
My *royal Soveraign* in the darkſome night:
Where one bleſt man, by hap, did him attend;
And prov'd to be his true, and faithful friend.
God bleſſe him ſtill, in body and in ſoul,
That he may ne're but for his ſinnes condole.
The ſhady *woods*, and *trees*, comforts afford
Unto our *ſoveraign King*, and *gracious Lord*.
From *woods* and *trees*, a *Lane* God did provide:
A *Lane* adorn'd with vertue, and with grace;
O're whelm'd with joy, to ſee her *Soveraigns* face:
To free him from his fears, and dangers deep;
Secure his perſon, and his life to keep,
In bleſſed ſafety, free from mortal harmes;
From bloudy men, claſp'd in his *Saviours* armes.
Th' *Almighty* did, his precious ſoul, protect;
And will alwayes, his faithful, bleſt elect.
When that *royal P. Charles* went into *Spain* 1623.
Reſolving, then, a Princeſſe for to gaine:
For ſafety of his life, he chang'd his name:
And travel'd with great *Duke* of *Buckingham*.
There names they thought fit for to chang;
That they might ſee far Countreys ſtrang:
Will, and *Tom Smith*, were then their names,
Which might ſeem ſtrange unto King *James*,

That gracious, wise, and royal King,
Who to far Nations peace did bring.
Read Wilmot forward, backward, and then finde;
Will and *Tom* ready, perfect in your minde. name;)
When Subjects chang'd their love, king *Charles* his
Royal Charles is after call'd *William.*
A name of *Conquerour* it did foretell;
A happy *Omen*, that he should do well:
To live to *conquer*, overcome at last;
Pardon Offences, forgive what is past.
To live to *reign*, to be a *glorious King*;
Much joy, and happinesse, to three *kingdomes* bring:
In a fourth also he hath a good share;
And likewise doth a *Sovereign* title bare;
My *Sovereign* conquer'd not by sword, but love;
God did his words and actions well approve.

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On our gracious *KING his* feigned *Name*
When he rode disguiz'd *with Mistrisse* Lane.

William, Conquerour of this Nation;
Jesus, the worker of our salvation.
Lastel did labour to preserve our king;
Lane ventured life, him for to safety bring:
In *Jesus Christ* our *Lord*, puts all his trust;
A bounding in mercy, able for to save:
M ajesty dejected, from untimely grave.

Wise

Wiſe men, and great, have changes in this life;
In youth, and age, avoid all mortal ſtrife:
Lift up your heart unto your *Creator*;
Loſe no time, of *Heav'n* to be Partaker:
In time of *life*, think on that night of *death*;
All that are born, are ſurely born to dy;
Man lives below, may your *ſoul* mount on high.

Wealth, nor honour, can keep us from grim *death*,
Jewels, nor gold can much prolong our breath:
Lord, we muſt all drink of *Deaths* bitter cup,
Low brought by ſin, yet *Chriſt* can raiſe us up,
In glory bright, above the *ſtarry* sky,
Amidſt the glorious *Saints* your ſoul will fly.
Mongſt holy *Martyrs* to the *Trinity*.

While I did live in heart of *Oake*,
I fear'd not *death*, nor yet his ſtroake.
Laid low by ſad event of War,
Lifting my heart to God above,
In *Jeſus Chriſt* my Saviours love,
Advanced by his King, his God;
Made to eſcape his Enemies rod.

While I did live in ſorrow for my king;
It joy'd my heart, when brave *Monck* did him bring
Late, better then never, for him to raign:
Long live king *Charles*, in glory to remain,
In health, and happineſſe, unto the end
And never ſtand in need of *earthly* friend;
Mongſt Saints and Angels after this life ſpend.

On

On *his Sacred Majesty* CHARLES STUART,
King of ENGLAND, *&c.*

Christ now hath brought you, to your fathers throne:
Heav'n hath his soul, to you we make our mone:
Arts, and armes, with him are gon to grave;
Royalty remains yours, his Crown to have:
Lord, after this life, bring your *soul* to bliss;
Eternal Joy, and endless Happiness;
Saints *robes* put on, of *Christ* his righteousness.

Soaring aloft by *Meditation*,
Truth to maintain, and *Reformation*:
Up ready, to uphold Gods word,
A *gracious King*, and *Soveraign Lord*;
Right *just*, and *good*, in word, and deed;
Tyrants power, by your hand is freed.

Calamities are past, and gone;
Heav'ns pow'r hath fixt you on your Throne:
Arts now embrace, let Warrs depart,
Rejoyce in God, with all your heart:
Let *Heav'ns* King guide you, in your wayes,
Eternally, your good God to praise;
Sanctity, you will practice, all your dayes.

Sweet

S weet influence, *dear Lord*, doth flow from thee,
T ruth, Peace, Love, *heroick* Clemency:
U nanimous Providence, Gods Decree;
A gain to raise your *sacred* Majesty;
R aising You up, above your Family,
T o do service, for your grand King, on high.

C ares, and great *Troubles* do attend a *Crown*:
H eav'ns King protect You, put your Enimies down:
A happy chang we have now liv'd to see,
R oyal king *Charles* in perfect Majestie:
L et us lift up our hearts to God on high,
E ver to blesse, praise, and perform his will,
S erve our *dread Sovraign*, be obedient still.

S anity from your blest hand doth proceed;
T he gentle touch of your fair hand doth breed,
U nto the sick Patient quick cure, and ease;
A happy Cordial for so sad Disease:
R oyal Kings have such vertue in their touch;
T he like, no other man, can do so much.

When our *happy Parliament* did ordain,
To fetch our *blessed Soveraign* home again;
And valiant Montague pointed to bring,
The Person of our *royal gracious King*,
The *royal Fleet*, committed to his hands,
To waft him home, who ruleth divers Lands:
Grief did then vanish, and soon passe away;
Then did begin our happy *Halcion Day*.

On that *Mirrour* of *loyaltie*, and admired *Gentlewoman*, Miſtreſs Jane Lane.

His *MAJESTIES* moſt *faithful, humble,* and *obedient* Subject.

J ane, gracious your Name doth ſignifie,
A good Name doth the Owner dignifie.
N ature and rich Grace did contend in thee,
E ver to comfort *royal Majeſtie.*

L oyalty, and *faithfull love* thee did invite,
A gracious *Lane* a comfort for to be;
N ature and Grace did in you take delight,
E ven to live, or dye, for's *Majeſtie.*

J ngenious *Lane*, you did your wits awake,
A dd greateſt vigour for your *Sov'raigns* ſake;
N o wit, nor p licy you did omit,
E ndeavours, of your own, proper, and fit.

L *anes* numberleſſe are, in *Great Britains* Land,
A mongſt them all none did more firmly ſtand;
N one in *fair England*, better could accord:
E nter a way to pleaſe her *ſacred Lord*

Judicious

J udicious Jane, thy wayes were firm, and good,
A n honourer ſtill of the *Royal* blood;
N ighrs may ſeem pleaſant, for to tell of thee,
E nd, and begin, of's *Bleſſed Majeſtie.*

L ed on by *Angels*, for to guide thy way,
A bove moſt Names, may *Lane* bare the ſway;
N o Night approach, but be a *Halcion Day*,
E 're for your carry'ng, your *Dear Lord* away.

J n ſorrow, and in joy, I'le bear my part,
A nd love my *Sov'raign* with my *ſoul*, and heart;
N o worldly thing ſhall part my *loyal* love,
E 're to maintain, and ſtill to him approve.

L *aud* ſtill that Name, that holy Name of God,
A bide in Vertue, ſhun his 'venging rod;
N one, *None but Chriſt*, did that brave *Martyr* ſay;
E *ternity crown* you, on your laſt day.

J nſpire your heart, with knowledg, and with grace,
A ttend at laſt to ſee thy Soveraigns face;
N ew ſhall your Name and actions then be found,
E 're for to praiſe, and make his Praiſe reſound.

L ament you did, for your good *Lord* and *King*;
A dventured your life, him ſafe to bring;
N ere to the ſea his Perſon to convey,
E xpecting him to rule another day.

Jane was that bleſſed name, gave me my life,
And being in the World, t'enjoy a Wife
Nature, and Grace caus'd her my life to ſave,
Ere comforted me, and kept me from grave.

Leaſt in my infancy I ſhould periſh,
A Nurſe did provide, me for to cheriſh;
Nature being weak, made choice of a Nurce,
Even me to ſuckle, though to me the worſe.

A bleſſed *Jane* did our *dear Father* feed;
In a ſad time, when 'twas of greateſt need;
The *happy Father* of my Native Land,
Who firm in his faith, did for ever ſtand:
As he was firm, and conſtant to the *Lord*,
And carefull to obey his *ſacred Word*;
So did the Lord in his due time provide,
A faithfull, *valiant Champion*, him to guide;
And to conduct unto His Fathers throne;
Where all ſad hearts are heard, who make their moan.
Our wiſe *Solomon* doth hear Cauſe juſt;
Do righteous things, before he turn to duſt.
God grant him *Neſtors years*, yea long to live
And many *Godly Acts*, and *Lawes* to give.
God make my *Sovraign* happy in a Wife,
Vertuous, fertile, grand comfort to his life:
Give him a royal, and moſt faithful *Queen*,
As ever was in *fair great Britain* ſeen.

Maſter

Maſter JOHN DANVERD, for your precious lines,
Valu'd in part equal to golden *Mines*:
I will in praiſe and honour of you write,
Which of *our Soveraign* did ſuch things indite:
Thou doſt recount his dangers that are paſt;
Of your *royal Maſter*, and *King* at laſt:
Which doth now give the Nation great content;
That did, in th'acting, make him to lament:
To ſee, at that time, his diſaſtrous fate:
Brought low, by fatall war, his Princely ſtate.
But God, in mercy, did at laſt him bring,
To be our *Soveraign Lord*, and *Gracious King*.

J *ohn, Gracious* your name doth import,
O n things *divine* thy thoughts reſort;
H eav'ns glory thy ſoul mounts to ſee,
N ight of *Death* paſt in joyes to be,

D *an*, one of *Jacobs* bleſſed Sons;
A n Angel will thy ſoul convey;
N ature ſubdu'd, Grace bears the ſway.
V *erd* waxing *green*, in vertue bright,
E ternal Day, when paſt thy night.
R aiſe up thy ſoul above the ſky,
D *auverds* heart loves true Majeſtie.

Upon

Upon the *happy* and *joyfull News* of *his ſacred Majeſty*,

King Charles

the II^d. *his returning into* England;

And proclaiming *of him*, King *of* England, Scotland, France, *and* Ireland.

REturn, return brave *Prince*, from *fertile France*;
Fair England long hath lain in a ſad trance.
From *rich Holland* our *King* will ſoon arrive:
Make joyfull hearts, and many will revive;
Paſſe o're the Sea, and come to *Dover* Town:
T'enjoy his *Crown* with *Glory*, and *Renown*.
Our Noble *Phenix*, he will come at laſt;
And put a period to our griefs, are paſt.
When he ſhall land, in faithfull, fruitfull *Kent*;
Many brave Nobles will be thither ſent:
For to conduct our *Royal*, *Gracious Prince*;
His Enemies actions will them then convince.
Your *juſt*, and *bleſſed Parliament* will act,
What they think fit, about that horrid fact,
Of putting your *Royal Father* to *death*:
And taking from him, his moſt *precious breath*.
They did ſo ſoon ſever's *immortal Soul*;
That moſt o'th *kingdome* did with greif condole:

Oh

Oh may ſad, *horrid Warre* now paſſe away;
And when you come, appear a *halcion day*,
May *mirth*, and *gladneſſe*, be in place of *griefe*,
And yeild the moſt remoteſt *ſoul* relief.
Your Fathers *ſpirit* ſoar'd unto the skie;
His *Meditations* were profound, and *high*:
His *active Genius* it did ſoar aloft;
Who truſted in's Saviour, whoſe ſoul he bought.
Welcome *Royal Charles*, unto your *Fathers* Throne;
His *Friends* do *live*, though he be *dead* and gone.
They do *revive*, though in Vault he lies *dead*:
And will ſupport you; What more can be ſed:
With Life, and Fortunes, as long's they draw *breath*:
And will continue conſtant, till their *death*.
Chriſt will conduct you to your *Fathers Court*;
Where Great, and Small, will thither then reſort.
Times various are, in turning of Mans *ſtate*:
Moſt happy thoſe, that are Regenerate.
After many ſorrows, joy doth come at laſt;
And ſeems greater, when dangers are overpaſt.
The *King* will come, to joy ſad hearts of Men:
That joy I cannot full expreſſe by pen.
When that, with *Triumph*, he ſhall be landed here;
Many *brave*, *wiſe*, *Noble Men* will appear:
And wait upon his *Perſon*, and it guard;
Our *heavenly* King give them their reward,
Our *Royal Sun* will ſhine in *Albions* Iſle:
And make things clear, whom envy doth defile.

Obſcure,

Obſcure, and darken, with their *envious breath*:
Which nothing will work on, but *time* and *death*.
Whiles *Britains Iſle* doth *flouriſh*, and wax green:
Your *famous Actions*, ever ſhall be ſeen;
Renown your Name, unto after Ages:
In well writ Books, admir'd and learn'd Pages:
Regain the Honour of our *brave Nation*;
And bring it into ſome better Faſhion.
News is now come, *king Charles* proclaim'd ſhall be:
God give him happineſſe, and proſperitie:
Long *Life*, and *Peace*, that He may ſafely *reign*;
And prove to be a ſecond *Charlemaign*.
May great *Jehovah* bleſſe your *Majeſtie*:
Your *royal Perſon*, and *Poſterity*.
Pardon, great *Prince*; my failings, and accept:
A Mite inſtead of Pounds, for my great Debt.

The

The faithful CHAMPION, *and* admired *SUBJECT.*

On his Excellency *General MONCK,*
And those brave Valiant, and Religious Men,
Who was a meane to bring king CHARLES agen,
To rule and raign in fair Great *BRITAINS Isle:*
Let us praise God, that he doth on us smile.

THe time is come, that joyes men for to see
A Supreme Power of high *Soveraignity:*
Our Famous *English Nation* strive to bring,
Faire, and rich Presents to their *royal King.*
Joy doth abound, and stir up their brave minde;
For to expresse their Love, and Nature kind.
They do bethink the time of his absence:
And post unto him, with *golden* Presents;
There's nothing that they have they think too dear;
The worthy *Gentleman*, and noble *Peer*;
The *Sun* doth shine, and yeild a pleasant *light:*
This new great chang, doth give mens hearts delight.
Behold how God doth worke in his due time;
To blesse, and comfort the good True Divine;
Yea, and all other men, we hope beside;
That in his sacred *truth* doth firm abide.

It is the hand of God, hath this thing wrought:
It was his Son, our Soules moſt dearly bought.
Monck mourned high, to bring his *Soveraign* home;
That Power, was deriv'd, from God alone.
Gods *Spirit* mov'd him to do ſuch a thing;
Well pleaſing to Gods People, and the *King*.
It was not in the ſimple power of Man;
For to obtain, nor in their power to ſkan:
The Finger of the *Lord* did it direct,
And brought the ſame, at laſt, to good effect.
No Gold, or Silver, could the ſame obtain:
So rare, ſo Rich, and unexſpected gain.
A *King*, to *rule* a *Religious Nation*;
In *Godly order*, is a *ſtately Faſhion*.
Thoſe happy Men that ſtudied this *Great work*,
God ſtill preſerve from *Pagan*, and from *Turk*:
I mean, from all ſorts of vile, *wicked Men*:
Too long for to recount, with my weak Pen.
We want a *Homer*, to ſet forth thy *Fame*:
Your *Noble Actions*, and thy *Mighty Name*.
The high, and *gracious Work*, thou didſt atchive,
Will *make* thy *Fame*, even after *death*, to *live*.
No *Julius Cæſar*, can his *fame* advance,
So *high* as *thine*, in *England*, or in *France*.
Stout *Hannibal* could not do ſuch a *Thing*:
To bring from *Forraign* Parts, his *Soveraign King*:
In ſuch a manner, and yet ſhed no blood:
Perform an Act on, could not be withſtood.

Rich

Rich *Cræſus* could not purchaſe, with all his wealth,
So rare a *cordial*, for *England's* perfect *health*:
Their Treaſure was exhauſted, and grown low:
In great Diſtreſſe, and knew not where to go.
Many people did want, and cry for bread:
And knew not, by their Labour, to be fed:
Moſt *Trades* were barren, and grown very poore:
And knew not how for to encreaſe their ſtore.
Theſe bleſſed Men have us'd a ſtrain above:
That will, moſt juſtly, merit faithfull Love.
In all things then, let us humbly ſubmit,
Unto his hand, that knowes what is moſt fit:
Our Maker made us, and he knowes our mould:
Chriſt paid our ranſome: we are bought and ſold.
In brief, let us *love* God, *honour* our King:
Give them the praiſe, that did him ſafely bring,
From *Forraign Parts*, into our *Native Land*.
And, in *true Faith*, ſee that you firmly ſtand.
Let *Engliſh* Men, then due prayſes render,
To God that hath reſtor'd their *Faiths Defender*.
Oh that I could *immortalize* thy *Name*:
And build a ſtately *Structure* to thy *fame*.
I would erect a ſtately *Monument*:
To continue, till time on *Earth* be ſpent:
In mind, it ſhould exceed *Romes Capitol*:
For him that was ſo wiſe, Majeſticall:
As *high*, and *famous Capitol* of *Rome*,
Which might continue, till the *Day of Dome*.

Or *famous Coloſſus*, that did Ships guide;
His Lamp did light them, not to ſail aſide:
Or *ancient, famous, Mauſoles* Tombe:
Beyond that ſumptuous *Capitol* of *Rome*:
Or rare, brave *Pyramids* of *Egypts* Land;
Or what might be fram'd by a Mortal hand.
Could I erect a Pile, of that great Store:
For to continue while time were no more.
All theſe, I wiſh, I could perform by pen;
Brave *Monck*, and his Friends ſtill might live 'mongſt Men.
God will advance, continue your rare Name:
Let *Angels* ſound the *Trump* of thy great Fame.
Soladine, after all his brave Conqueſts paſt,
Carryed but a Shirt unto his Grave at laſt.
God bleſſe the King, 's High Court of *Parliament*,
That they may love, and act with joynt conſent.
When that your Gracious Soul away ſhall flie,
The Glorious *Angels* guide it to the skie.
When that your body ſhall be laid to ſleep,
In Mother Earth, your duſt, moſt ſafe, ſhall keep.
When Crowns and honours ſhall turn to an Urn,
May Glory, after Death, be your Return.

On

On that *Worthy*, *Accomplished* Gentleman, Mr. Thomas Mayhew.

Transcendent Mayhew, for your *royal* Lines,
Writ with a quill, pluckt from an Angells wing;
Shall flour ſh and wax green, in future times:
For wri ing the welcome, of our deareſt King.
Who is the Fountain of our Bli s, our All:
His Royal Perſon, high Emperiall.
Of *brave Mayhews* Writing let's take a veiw;
So rich, ſo rare, and of ſo fair a hew.
Mount up, *rare Mayhew*, get *Promothean* Fire:
To warm thy wings, and mount high by deſire.
Thou doſt beſtir, thy golden, nimble Pen:
To exhilerate the ſad hearts of men.
Thy *hew* is glorious, in the Moneth of *May*:
The Flowers, then are fair, freſh, look full gay:
Flowers then are ſweet, pleaſant, rare, and new.
Nones fairer have expreſſed, then *Mayhew*.
His dain'y Fan:y, and his golden Pen,
Doth eq al, if not exceed, moſt of Men,
Thy Nob e Spirit, it doth ſoar aloſt;
Chriſts precious blood, thy pure ſoul, dearly bough:.
Thy *Genius* is ſublime, and mounteth high:
Thy bleſſed Saviour will thee dignifie.
Thy *Muſe* doth ſoar up high, and elevate:
Thy thoughts are profound, and do contemplate,

On

On things *ſacred*, *ſumptuous*, *rare*, and *divine*;
which ſhall continue, as long's *Mortal time*.
Mayhew: is *brave*, *ſublime*, and *royal Pen*,
Doth ſweetly *pleaſe*, delight the *hearts* of *Men*.
His Theam is high, and lofty is his Spirit;
Which, one Day will, the *ſpacious* Heaven inherit.
Long may you live, to write on divers things:
On high *Jehovah*, and the *ſtate* of *Kings*.
High Matters, do well become, thy brave Pen:
To ſolace rich *Saints*, and the beſt of Men
Mayhew doth fill the minde, with wonders great:
In writing in ſuch manner, brave, compleat.
The more thou do't extol, and praiſe my King:
The more I will thee praiſe, thy goodneſſe ſing.
My weak Pen cannot, expreſſe, thy rare worth:
A *Homer*, or *Lucan*, muſt it ſet forth,
In perfect Colours, and thy Noble hew:
Who can expreſſe, and write like *brave Mayhew*.
The very luſtre, of thy famous Name,
Shall ſtill preſerve, thy rare, and Noble Fame.
Let Angels ſound the Trump of thy high praiſe:
For to continue beyond length of Dayes.
Let Time be weary, for to meaſure times:
So long, or longer, dure thy Famous Lines.
Let *Angels* ſing, the praiſes, of your Verſe;
Which I, weak man, not able to Rehearſe.
I wiſh, and pray, that long, long, thou mayſt live:
More *Royal Verſes*, to my *Soveraign* give.

Upon

Upon the Sight of

King Charles

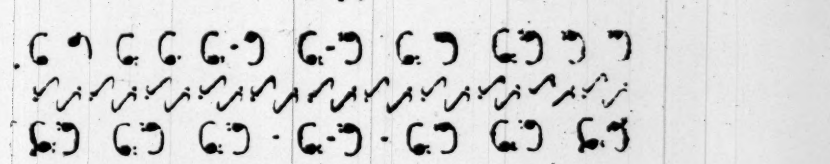
the II. *his* Picture, *at the Honourable*

Colonel, Sr. *JOHN DRAKE*, Knight,
and Baronet, *his* Houſe *at* Trill, *in* Devon.

IF that the *Shadow* doth the *minde* content :
Much more the *Subſtance*, *pure*, *excellent*.
If that the Shadow, doth ſuch Reverence move :
What will the Subſtance, with dear, *faithfull Love* !
If that the Shadow do but repreſent :
How doth the Subſtance give moſt ſweet content !
Though's hair be black, yet his Soul's white within :
God keep his Body ſafe, his Soul from ſin.
Chriſt our *Saviour*, and *Immortal King*,
CHARLES *REX*, to the higheſt *honours* bring.
May he be *happy*, 'bove all Kings on Earth :
Eternally happy after his death.
I want *Apelles* Pencil, for to limb :
And *Homers* famous Pen to paint out him.
His *royal* Head, the watch-Tower of the Senees :
His ſweet *Clemency* pardons great *Offenees*.
His Eyes, though black, yet do moſt purely ſhine :
His *Knowledge* high, like a *Rare Divine*.

His

His Eye of Providence, did long foresee,
The Effects of *Times*, and how they would be.
His precious Eares, do ever love, to hear,
Gods *sacred Word*, which he doth ho'd most dear.
His Smelling, sweet things, doth revive his sences:
God, and our *gracious King* pardons offences:
Yet to a Lover, nothing smells more sweet;
Than Mistris breath, when lips and hearts do meet.
His Taste is pure, sweet with Delectation;
By Faith he feeds on Christ, for his Salvation.
His Feeling's quick, and all his Sences good;
His greatest *Treasure*, is *Christs precious blood.*
His rubie Lips, though shadowes, I could kiss;
His Soul, and Body, God for ever bless:
His Lilly white hand, I have kiss'd before;
And hope hereafter, to kiss it once more.
His *golden Crown*, doth by his sweet side lie:
After this life, may his Soul mount on high;
Above the Sphears, and bright star spangled Skie:
To live with's Saviour *Christ* eternally.
I'le pray, that he may long, and happy raign:
And after *death*, in *Heaven* e're remain.



On's *ſacred* MAJESTIES CORONATION:
The bleſt Precurſor of Reformation.

THis Day, *my Gracious Soveraign* crown'd ſhall be;
And will ſhow forth his *Royal Majeſtie.*
God bleſſe that *reverend hand*, that *crown's* our *King*:
Let us praiſe God, that he did ſafely bring
Him hither, for to ſit, on's Fathers *Throne*;
It was the handy work of God alone.
Famous *Albemarle* was the *Inſtrument*,
Of our *royal Comforts*, and high Contest;
Cncurring with the *bleſſed Parliament.*
God give him a *happy*, and a *bleſſed Boon*;
Comfort his *bleſt Soul*, Morning, Night, and Noon.
Rejoyce this Day, *Great Britains* KING *is crown'd:*
Long may he live, and ever be renown'd.
Oh let his *Life*, and *Glory* ſo tranſcend;
That Every *Nation* may become his Friend.
Defend Him *Lord*, who is *Faiths Defender*;
Strengthen Brethren, and *confirm* the *Tender.*
Protect him, *Lord*, who art the *Worlds Protector.*
From's Enemies, and every ill Projector.
Famous King *Charles*, let his Name ever Ring;
Royal, brave *Anthems* to his praiſes ſing.

The Nobles, and the Gentry flock to see,
This famous, far renown'd Solemnitie.
Oh what a Royal, Stately, and brave sight:
To see the King, with's Nobles, shine most bright:
In Radicant manner, with that luster shine,
With Royal Glory, and with Lords Divine:
Royall attended with a Princely Train:
Not inferiour to brave, Great *Charlemain*.
To that Famous *Abby* Our Soveraign came:
Bravely attended with his Men of Fame.
The Noble Lords all came in their order,
In their Rich Robes, and most stately border:
Coller of Esses, their George, and brave things:
Fit, well becoming the high state of Kings.
The Bells did ring: Conduits run wine: all rejoyce:
Expressing it, both with hand, heart, and voice:
When he had heard a Sermon preached there:
He was conducted to an ancient Chair:
Where many Kings have been crown'd in this land
God still preserve tha blessed, happy hand.
But first, his brave *grand Champion* claim'd the *Crown*
For our true Soveraign, of so great renown.
They did acknowledge him to be *true* heir:
And did conduct him to that Royal Chair:
Being the next great Prince of *Royal Blood*:
Who will undoubted do this Nation good.
The Nobles then did performe their Duty:
And homage to their Gracious Soveraign Lord.

They

They put their hands unto the Royal Crown:
And venture Life, and ſtate for his Renown.
The Reverend Biſhops preach to him Gods Word;
Which he moſt ready is for to obey.
God keep his Perſon ſafe, both Night and Day.
They preſent themſelves at his Royall Feet.
His Sacred Perſon did them kindly greet.
And moſt lovingly did kiſs their Right Cheek:
In gallant manner, and in order meek.
A Ring's put on, as wedded to a Wife.
Great God of Heaven preſerve him all his life.
Our King's anointed with moſt precious Oyl.
May he his Enemies overcome, and quail.
Then was the *Crown* put on his ſacred *head*.
Let Angels guide him, till his ſoul be fled.
And afterwards convey his Soul to bliſſe;
To Glory, and Eternall happineſſe.
Great Acclamations made, *God ſave the King*.
The Trumpets ſounded, and with Ecchoes ring.
Let Bonfires blaze, and Bells out loud now ring:
To ſhow our Love unto our Gracious King.
The Great, and Glorious God aſſiſt my Pen;
To write of my Soveraign, the beſt of Men;
That Rules, and Raigns in Fair *Great Britans* Iſle.
Let's praiſe the Lord, that he doth on us ſmile.
The *King of Kings* give Power for to write,
On him, in home he taketh great delight.
No Angel will forbid quills from his wing;

To write in praiſe, of my *renowned King.*
Some bleſſed, holy, precious *Angel* bright;
Give me a Quill from his rare Wing, to write;
What I do for my *Dear Soveraigns* ſake.
My drowſie Muſe, O Lord do thou awake.
My mind will be content, my heart at eaſe;
If ſome *few Lines* may *my Dear Soveraign* pleaſe.
This *royal Solemnity* being paſt;
They did return in order, all at laſt.
It was a *ſtately Sight*, there for to ſee,
The *Nobles* paſſe in Rank, in their Degree.
But b'ing *far diſtant, cannot now relate, *115 miles
The manner how they rode, or walkt in ſtate.
It was my happineſſe, for to ſee
King *Charles* the *firſt*, crowned for to be.
In the ſame manner I do apprehend,
This was perform'd; and ſo do draw to'n end.
Wiſhing, praying, my *Soveraign* long may live:
More worthy Lawes, unto his *Subjects* give.
Lord give my *Soveraign*, a *Vertuous Queen*,
As ever was in fair *Great Britain* ſeen.
Grant him a happy *Iſſue*, proſperous *Raign*;
Long here on Earth, with Saints for to remain.
After this Mortal Crown ſhall paſſe away,
Give an immortall Crown, ne're to decay.
In the higheſt *heav'ns*, where the Saints excell;
In that bleſt *Place* may his *Soul* ever *dwell.*

On

On His *most Excellent MAJESTY*,

King *Charles* the *Second*, His exspected coming to the Honourable *Colonel FRANCIS WINDHAM*, *his* House at *Trent*.

WElcome *Dear Soveraign*, welcome to *Trent*.
May it yield *your Highneſs*, all *ſweet content*;
Even to *Admiration*, *Aſtoniſhment*.
At *difference* of the *times*, You live to ſee,
How ſad you were, now joyfull may you be.
Let all true *Subjects* yeild to God the praiſe;
That did prolong Your Life, with happy Dayes.
Behold the Place once you were in ſorrow;
Some time, to reſt your ſelf, you did borrow:
Your *ſacred Majeſty* made choyce then to reſt,
With one of your faithfull *Subjects*, lov'd *you* beſt
Mr. *Francis Windham*, of a happy Name;
May he e're live in honour, and in Fame;
His heart, and houſe, ready to entertain,
So Gracious a Gueſt, with him to remain.

A Gueſt

A Guest above all others, did excell;
Who wisht, with you for ever for to dwell.
The times then were wilde, dangerous, and wood:
Windham adventu'rd's Life, to do you good;
Francis, *Free* his Name doth signifie;
Receiving you, his Name did dignifie.
Behold the Place, that shelered my Dear Lord:
(Who alwayes trusted in Gods holy Word)
Which his Faithfull Servant did him afford,
In time of need, and horrid Danger deep;
When many for your Person then did weep;
Your Grace kept waking, whiles that they did sleep.
Let's praise God, who did your Soul deliver,
From cruel Men, and bloody *Oliver*.
Your Gracious heart was sad when you pass'd by:
And saw an Object of *Englands Tragedy*:
Brave, Noble, Learned *Digby*'s Famous Seat:
A Place of strength, and beauty, most compleat.
I should but Eclipse his great noble worth;
Weakly, and lame, t'expresse it, and set forth.
There is a Famous River, called *Trent*;
Where thirty Rivers are into it sent.
These several Rivers fall into her Flood:
And thirty sorts of Fish, to do men good.
More various are the Favours of my King:
Innumerable Comforts they do bring,
From the greatest Subject, unto the least:
Happy is he that hath so Rare a Guest.

Nothing

No thing is wanting, that may ſet forth
Some part of Luſtre, of the Owners worth.
A *Windham* brave, vert'ous, wiſe did you cheriſh:
This *windham* kept you, that you might not periſh.
The King of heaven highly him reward;
That of my Soveraign had ſuch due regard.
I ne're was in the Houſe of this brave Wight;
And therefore know not fully how to write.
Pardon (dear Prince) my weakneſſe, and accept
A Mite, inſtead of Pounds, for my great Debt.
During my Life, I will, Sir, dayly pray;
God preſerve my *Soveraign* both Night and Day.
When Crowns and honours ſhall be laid in Duſt,
May *Your* Soule live, in *Happineſſe*, 'mongſt the Juſt.
When Death ſhall put a Period to your Daies:
God crown *your ſoule*, with wreaths of *heav'nly baies*.

On

On *his most excellent Majesty, King* CHARLES II. *his expected coming to the Right honourable* JOHN L[illegible] POWLET, *his* House, *at* Henton S. *George.*

WElcome *dread Soveraign*, welcome to this Place:
Unto a *Noble Lord*, who loves *your Grace.*
Your *Royal Father* here took great Delight:
Pleasing his *Senses*, and his Eye most bright.
Nought is here wanting, that may give content:
Even to admiration, Ravishment:
For wholesome Dwelling, and sweet *healthy Aire*;
Few Places, in the County can compare:
A neat compacted House, in brave order;
Rich Pictures, Hangings, and *stately Border*;
Land skips, and *Maps*, for to delight the sence:
With many other things, of *Excellence.*
Rich Curtains, and *sumptuous Tapestry*:
Rare and *soft Beds* of *Down*, whereon to *lye.*
walks, *Water-works*, *Gardens*, *Parks*, Oh *brave Seat!*
Where's nothing wanting to make it compleat:
With other, *sumptuous*, *stately*, *costly* things;
Fit, well-becomeing the *high state* of Kings.
Nothing is wanting here, that may set forth,
Some part of *lustre*, of the *Owners worth.*
Wellcome *Emperial Monarch*, I do say;
Where You do come, you'l make a Halcyon Day.
Shine forth *bright Sol*, unto my *Soveraign dear*;
And show thy self, now that he doth appear,
Within this pleasant kind of *Paradice.*
God blesse your *Councellors*, that *give advice.*

Part

Part of that Noble Order, that attend;
The dew of heaven, ſtill on them deſcend;
And all the reſt, that do my King follow;
Let time, and death, all your Enemies ſwallow;
Let glorious Planets all then now rejoyce:
And we your *Subjects*, for to hear your voice;
And ſee your ſacred Perſon, at this time:
Extend your Vertues, 'bove a Grand Divine.
And eke, bleſt *Phyſicians*, for to cure,
The *Kings Evil*, which many do endure.
Your *Majeſty* is willing to do good:
What rare Vertues flow from *Kings Royal Blood*!
Heavenly Motions do their mindes incline;
To move to *heavenly Raptures*, moſt ſublime.
Before, or after your rich, ſtately cheer;
Your Majeſty may hunt, the fat, brave Deer;
Walk in ſweet Gardens, for to take delight;
View Objects rare, for to content your ſight.
Recreate with bowling, or other ſport,
To ſee your *Perſon*, many will reſort.
Your Gracious Perſon doth Mens mindes content;
To ſee with joy Gods bleſſed *Viceregent*,
Mercury doth point before or behind:
To ſhew the various changes of the wind:
And on each ſide, he doth not then omit,
To point to the place, that's proper, and fit,
For to direct, where Boreas blaſts do blow.
And to informe the Standers by, to know,

Nothing in this frail Life is firm and ſure :
God grant us his Grace, for e're to endure.
This Place your *Royal Court*, is fit to feaſt ;
So *divine, rich, rare, ſumptuous* a *Gueſt*.
Shine forth, and ſhow your Rayes of *Majeſty* ;
God bleſſe your Perſon, and Poſterity ;
That ſhall hereafter, I do hope ſucceed :
From royal, gracious, King *Charles* loyns proceed.
The Birds do now ſweetly melodious ſing :
To welcome hither our moſt gracious King.
Henton St. *George* is a mark of honour :
That brave Progenitors caſt upon her.
St. *George* is a high, noble mark of Fame :
Kings, and Nobles will preſerve that great Name.
The higheſt Order of our brave Nation :
Which other famous Kings keep in faſhion.
The Heavens do ſmile, and the fields look gay :
For here is now kept high St. *George*'s Day.
As much as tongue can ſpeak, and *pen* expreſſe ;
I'le wiſh, pray for, my Soveraigns happineſſe.
I will expreſſe my love with heart and hand ;
And be, for ever, at your bleſt command.
I will ſet forth my love with tongue, and pen ;
God ſave my *King* ; let all Men ſay *Amen*.
After your Progreſſes on Earth are paſt ;
God give you *heaven*, to raign in at laſt.
There to be crowned an Eternal *King* ;
For to praiſe God, and *heavenly Anthems* ſing.

Ac-

Accrosticks

Upon the Royall, *and* most Illustrious DUKE,

IAMES STVART,

His Majesties *only* Brother.

J *AMES*, only *Brother* to our *Gracious KING*:
A bundant *comforts*, by your service bring.
M ajestick *Actions* do your Name advance:
E ngland of late was in a dismal Trance:
S *weet Blessings* hath, by our *Sov'raigns good chance*.

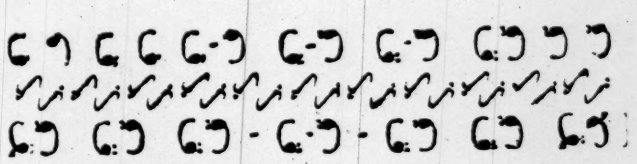
S trength of Gods arme, his Power you defend:
T he *Life of Grace* here live, unto the end.
U p at last *blest Soul* mount, to *Heavens* Glory:
A HOMER's *Pen* shall *write* your blessed *Story*.
R elig on, Vertue, Valour, and true Fame:
T hese do, in part proclaim your Royall Name.

In time of Sorrow you did bare your part:
Again regain'd your Honour, by Desert.
Majestie doth smile on your grand Merit:
Ended this Life, Glory then inherit;
Sing praises to God, by his sacred Spirit.

Soar up aloft to *heav'n*, by Raptures high:
Truth still maintain, and its pure Dignity.
Up, above the Clouds your Soul soar's aloft:
Advancing towards Christ, your Soul he bought.
Renown *your name*, brave *Duke*, by your rare deeds:
'Tis from your Vertuous Actions it proceeds.

James, that learned, wise, and Religious King;
Admir'd amongst all Nations, peace did bring.
Magnificent Prince, that late rul'd this Land;
Eternal Blessings wrought by his fair hand;
Still let's admire him, for his grand Command.

Sir, you're a Royall Branch of that learn'd Sire;
Truth did maintain, with Zeal as hot as fire.
Unitie, Peace, and Love he did maintain;
Amongst his greatest Enemies peace did gain.
Rare, famous Duke, may you his Acts embrace;
Truths Friends cherish, Enemies deface.



On *the* moſt Illuſtrious, *and* Religious

Eliſabeth;

DUTCHESSE of *YORK.*

E *lizabeth,* Bleſſed *Peace of the Lord:*
L oving ever to obey *Gods* pure *Word.*
I n Life, and Death, God guide you by his Grace,
Z ealous of his glory: you ſhall ſee his Face.
A ngells at laſt convey your Soul to bleſs.
B right radiant Glory, *heavens happineſs:*
E ven as Glaſſe doth run, *and ſand paſſe away;*
T he *greateſt Beauty, one day turns to clay.*
H eav'ns happy Harbour will receive your Soul.

S atiate with Gods preſence, ne're condole.
T her's nothing that ſhall trouble you above:
U p raiſed 'bove the World, by perfect love.
A mind you have, to do thoſe things are good:
R ich by your Faith, in *Chriſt his precious blood..*
T here is no *fear,* where this is underſtood.

D ukes

Dukes, Kings, and Princes; one Day all muſt die:
Unto their God aſcend, and mount on high.
Treaſure immortal the good ſhall enjoy:
Chriſt will free them from this vain worlds annoy.
Heaven is the happy Place where Saints do dwell;
Each being content, not ſtriving to Excell.
Sufficient Glory every Saint hath there;
Singing *praiſes* to their *Saviour* dear.

Of *heavens glory* each *Saint* hath his part;
Farr tranſcending the thoughts of humane heart.

Your bleſſed Saviour did your *Soul* Redeem;
Ordain'd you happy, and of high Eſteem.
Raign rare *Dutcheſſe*, a Queen in that fair Land;
Kings are joyfull there to bear leaſt command,
Be'ing guided by the wiſe, Almighties hand.

On

On his Excellency *George Monck*, Duke *of Albemarle.*

G reat Duke, God give you *length of dayes* on *earth*:
E 're make you happy both in *Life* and *death*.
O ur Gracious King you happ'ly did restore:
R iches immortal may you have therefore.
G od grant, hereafter you may see Gods face;
E nthron'd by Christ unto a heavenly Place.

M ajestie doth on you most sweetly shine,
O h, may Gods Providence you safely keep,
N oon, Day, and Night, whether you wake, or sleep.
C hrist, and *King Charles* your Soul and Body love;
K ing, and Subject your faithfull Love approve.

G *eorge* is the *Name* of fair brave *Englands Saint* :
E *ngland* made *happy*, by your noble *hand.*
O ur *Gracious Soveraign* will hear our complaint ;
R eligiously rule, and govern this *Land.*
G reat God of Heaven and Earth you ever bleſſe ;
E v'n here on *earth*, with *heav'nly happineſſe.*

M ajeſtick *Monck*, Mirrour of this *Nation* :
O h what brave order, and ſtately Faſhion ;
N ow that our Gracious King doth rule and raign:
C hriſt grant him *Neſtor's* years, here to remain.
K ings to exceed, yea great King *Charlemain.*

G od gave you Life ; and in his full *due time*,
E xil'd you, unto a Place ſublime ;
O h may Gods *Bleſſing* ſtill on you deſcend :
R emaining to our King, a faithfull Friend.
G od hath rewarded you, for your great pains ;
E ternal Manſions be your bleſt Souls gains.

G eometry cannot *meaſure* your great worth ;
E minent Logicks Science not ſet forth ;
O r *Arithmatick* uſefull Art number.
R hetorick cannot more *divinely* move ;
G racious *Monck's* heart, his Soveraign for to love ;
E xceeding the kind, faithfull Turtle Dove.

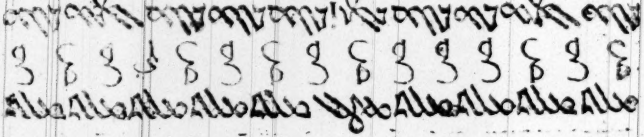
Maſſick

Musick, for ſweetneſs d'ont exceed your voyce:
Of making ſo good, praiſe worthy a choyce:
Not Nature, but three Nations for't rejoyce:
Chriſt *bleſſe* you, and the ſacred Trinity:
King Charles to bring, to's *Royall Dignity*.

Grand famous Warrier, maiſt thou ſtill win fame:
Eternize your great vertues, and your Name
Oh let all *Kingdomes*, of our *joyes* pertake:
Rouze other Nations, and their Valour wake.
Great God of *heav'n*, and Earth, *our Champion bleſſ*
Ev'n with all joy, Eternall happineſſe.

Great Riches, and Honours ſhall paſſe away
Ended this life, enjoy a glorious Day.
Oh that my *Dull Muſe* could *fully* expreſſe,
Rich, rare, tranſcendent, *future happineſſe*.
God hath in *heav'n*, I hope, laid up for thee,
E're *bleſſed Manſion* to Eternitie.

Mount up aloft you ſhall to *Saints* above.
On Angells wings your *bleſſed Soul* ſhall fly,
Neere to our *Saviour*, mounting up on high,
Convey'd by *Angels* to a place ſublime:
Kings, *Saints*, and *Martyrs*: there may your ſoul ſhine.



On *the most* Reverend FATHER *in* GOD,

William Juxon,

Arch-*bishop* of *Canterbury*,

His *Grace*.

W illing ever to ſerve your *Soveraign Lord*;
I nduſtrious to advance Gods *ſacred Word*.
L aud ſtill the Lord, that did our Soveraign bring,
I n his due time unto his Fathers Throne:
A dvance the *Name* of *Jah*, of God alone.
M ay you ſhine bright, like a Tranſcendent one.

J *eſus* the grand true *Biſhop* of your *Soul*,
U p hath rais'd you, by your *Soveraign* dear,
X alted on high, in our Hemiſphear.
O n your Royal Maſter you did fix your love:
N one higher then your ſelf did he approve.

When

W hen he was to ſuffer that fatal ſtroake
I t made your heart to bleed, yea heart of Oake:
L amenting ſore, for your *Soveraigns* death;
L ike to have coſt you your dear vitall breath.
I n *Jeſus Chriſt*, you did put all your truſt:
A ngells ſtill guide you, till you turn to duſt:
M ongſt *Saints* and *Angells* ſhine among the *Juſt*.

J n Troublous Times, at laſt you liv'd to ſee
U nto your joy, his *ſacred Majeſty*;
X onerated from his pain and grief:
O ur gracious God did ſend him his relief.
N ext to *Gods* Name, let us extoll him chief.

W ayting long, at laſt our Sunn did ariſe:
I n radiant manner, clearing our dim eyes;
L amenting him, whoſe Death they did deplore.
I t was a Bleſt Time, when brave *Monck* did bring,
A gain our *gracious Soveraign*, Lord, and King;
M ay we due praiſes of our *Soveraign* ſing.

J t pleas'd our good God, after many years;
U nto your joy, being almoſt drown'd in tears;
X alt your griev'd heart, and ſorrowfull minde,
O n your *Dread Soveraign Lord*, who was ſo *kinde*,
N ow double joy doth ſpring: your *King* to find.

W hen that sable Day, and sad Night of Dearth,
I udicious *Juxon*, stop thy *Soveraigns* breath:
L ord, what a time was then to your sad Soul:
L amenting his departure, did condole:
I n grief, and tears, you were almost drown'd then.
A better, happy time, God hath you sent:
M ay *heav'ns King* crown you, with most *sweet content*.

I n *heavenly* things you do spend your *Dayes*;
u nto your *grand King*, and *Creators* praise.
X horting *Christians* purely for to live;
O h blessed *Soul*, such fair Instructions give;
N one, *none* but *Christ*, can our *foul sinnes* forgive.

W isdome advanceth Men of good desert;
I t crown's that *Man*, who hath a *perfect heart*.
L *ord* inflame your heart with *holy fire*;
L et your Affection be of like desire.
I n place, as your *Grace* is advanced high;
A ngels after *Death*, with *your soul* then flie;
M ount up aloft to highest *Majestie*.

I nstall'd a *Bishop* in a *blessed time*;
u p rais'd to honour, to a place sublime;
X alted may you be to place of Blesse;
O f heavenly Glory, and Happinesse,
N ere *Jesus Christ*, in *Robes of Righteousnesse*.

On

On *the most* Reverend FATHER *in* GOD

Edward,

LORD BISHOP *of* NORWICH.

My ever Honoured Friend and Kinsman.

Christ called you unto his* Church again
Enabling you in's service to take pain.
But long you did not then continue there
But in a higher Place did soon appear.
You reap'd a happy Guerdon for your love;
Both *King* and *Kingdome* did your wayes approve.
God guided you by his sacred *Spirit*:
After this Life, *Eternall joyes inherit.*
You preacht before the *Commons*, and our *King*:
Praising the Lord, that did our Soveraign bring,
At last, with joy, unto his Fathers Throne:
It was the glorious work of God alone.
Your loyalty unto our Gracious Lord,
Doth now unto you great comforts afford.
Your healing precious Balm was well apply'd:
The king the happy Bridegroom to our Bride.
The bride, this kingdome was married at last:
Your Griefs, and Sorrows then were overpast.
Oh let us, to our God, most thankfull be.
That did preserve his Royall Majestie.

* *Dean of Christ Church in Oxon.*

Oh

Oh how I did rejoyce to read your Books / *Sermons*
And therein see *your gracious heart*, and *looks* / *before the*
It did my drooping spirits then revive, / *King and*
God guide thy Sov'raign, keep him long alive; / *Parlia-*
And that his Enemies *he* may overcome: / *ment.*
Preserve his Ofspring till the Day of Dome.
Let REYNOLDS then ever renowned be:
For's healing Balme, for Royal Sov'raignty.
He did prepare the Physick, for to cure,
The Maladie which long we did indure.
God blesse all the happy Physicians skill.
That did obey Gods word, and it fulfill.
The happy Patriots of our Country dear,
Which doth our Gracious Soveraign love and fear.
Unite their hearts in Bonds of faithfull Love;
Loving's Majestie, and his Acts approve.
And being made happie with all sweet content,
By a brave, blessed, healing Parliament.

On

On my Ever Honoured Friend and Kinsman Doctor

Iohn Castle

Esquire, one of the Clerks of his *Majesties* Privy Seale.

Iohn Gratious your name doth signify:
Oh! how good Names, the owners Dignify.
Heroditus was for brave *Histroy*,
Nathan a Prophet, in Divine *Mistery*.

Casting Your Care on God, hath set You F.
*A*dvanc'd you to former Dignitie.
Still by your Vertues, get to honours seate,
The grand King of Kings, make you still Compleat,
Laid low by Warre, yet Christ hath rais'd you up.
Even to Dine, and at last with him to Sup.

Iesus of Nazareth, guid you in your Wayes:
On *Christ* to Looke and still advance his praise
*H*ol[illegible] sing, in his high[illegible] of *Bless*,
No greater happiness, I Can you Wish.

Constant

Constant e're, in serving your Lord, and God:
And alwaies diligent, to hear his word.
Serving your Lord, and Master faithfully,
The King, of Heav'n, and Earth you dignifie.
Laud God above: who hath Preserv'd your life:
E're made you happy, for a ver tuous wife.

In all your troubles, you were not dismaid:
On God, you put your trust: were not afraid.
Hosanna then at last, may your soul sing: (King)
None could you draw, from your dear Soveraign

Christ gave your mind rest, after so much pain;
Advanc't you to Honour, and place Again.
Still did you waite, upon the hand of God:
The Tyrants pow'r's removd, his cruel Rod.
Lord thou hast brought my friend; for to sit down,
Ev'n under the Rayes, of a blessed Crown.

Iudicious Sir, I love your learned Arts:
On vertue grounded, and Renowned parts.
Heavenly fire, doth inflame your mind;
Nought can remain of Dross, b'ing thus refind.

Christ make you happie: both in Life, and Death,
Advance his glory, with your vital breath;
Standing still firm, and constant in your faith:
Truth to maintain, and what our Saviour saith.
Loving the Lord, in the most sadest time,
Even then your soul, did mount to place sublime.

In

In contemplation, and divineſt things:
On things Celeſtial, and the King of Kings;
High Heav'nly Raptures, for to place your minde:
None ſo ſweet, and good on Earth, as *Chriſt* to find.

Clouds of calamity, being paſt away,
Advanc't you now to ſee, a Halcyon day.
Salvator Mundi, doth you comfort give,
The Lord grant your bleſt ſoul, long life to live.
Lord when thy ſervants work, is done and paſt:
Eternal joyes, give his bleſt ſoul, at laſt

This have I poorly drawn, from your good Name
Let Bleſſed Angels, blow your Trump of Fame.
You have been like a Father unto me,
God bleſs your ſoul, to all Eternity.

On *the* right worshipful, *and noble minded* Gentleman,

Henry Ford, Esquire;

one of his Majesties *JUSTICES* of the Peace, *in the* County *of* Devon, *and* Lieutenant Colonel to the Honorable Sir *JOHN DRAKE*, Knight, *and* Barronet. &c.

H igh, heav'nly knowledge doth inrich thy mind;
E ternal happiness may your Soul find:
N ot Nature, but Grace, doth thy Saviour please:
R estor'd by Christ, cur'd of sinns disease;
Y n brightness of his Glory maist thou shine:

F ar more Transcendent than a brave Divine.
O re Topps and Mountains thy Wit doth aspire:
R ais'd up to Heav'n By a heavenly fire;
D eath shall not quench the flame of thy desire.

H igh dost thou mount by thy rich Phantasie:
E ar h can't turn it into an Extasie.
N one none but Christ, did that brave Martyr say:
R aise up thy thoughts & live with Christ for aye,
Y ets happy to have all things here on Earth:

F ar more happy to have a bless'd death.
O n things to come, thy blest Soul doth not feed:
K are and Divine; Thou'rt of immortal seed;
D eath what shall come, thou fear'st not, oh hea-

[v'nly breed.

W.S.

Wiſdom and Learning doth adorn a man,
I m kes him flouriſh, and things duly ſcan:
L arning adorns a worthy noble mind:
Learning invites men to be loving, kind:
It doth inrich the mind with knowledge ſtore:
Adds luſtre to its witt, and makes it more:
Magnifie Gods great Name; praiſe him therefore.
Could I your worthy noble parts rehearſe:
And write the ſame in high immortal verſe:
I ſhould then to your Country, then declare;
Your Vertues and your Learning rich and rare.
A mirrour to the World thou doſt appear,
Thy Learning and thy Iudgment ſhineth clear:
Go on bleſt Saint in thy brave way to bliſs,
And at the laſt enjoy Heav'ns happineſs.

Lieutenant *Ford*,

One of thoſe famous Worthies of my King:
God in his due time to happineſs bring:
Eternal happineſs after thy death:
To Gods glory, ere ſpend your vital breath.

On the Worſhipfull,

Francis Poulet, Eſquire;

One of his Majeſties *JUSTICES* of the Peace, *for the* County *of* SOMERSET.

Fair may your Name be writ in book of Life:
Rais'd is your Soul 'bove Earth, and mortal ſtrife.
Angells attend you both in life and death:
Nature being ſpent, yield up your vital breath.
Chriſt will call home your Soul in his due time,
Into his Manſion, where it bright ſhall ſhine;
Sweet Saviour, grant it ſo, in place ſublime.

Pondering and muſing on Divine things:
On bleſſed Angells, and the King of Kings.
Up may your Soul riſe 'bove Earthly Story,
Lord mount it up to Eternal Glory.
Ended this life, may your Soul mount on high,
There to reem in to all Eternity.

Famous

F amous, and Renow'd; were your blest Ancestors
R ecords of 'time; shew forth your Progenitors.
A famous Author doth preserve their Name:
N ot to be mention'd, but with Trump of Fame.
C hrist hath obtain'd, by his precious merit,
I n Heav'n a place, your Soul to inherit;
S olace with Saints, and the Holy Spirit.

P rudent in your actions, and circumspect;
O h may Gods mercy on you still reflect.
U p may you rise unto a *Heav'nly* Throne;
L auding your blessed Saviour, God alone:
E 'r may you on Earth, and heaven happy be;
T ranscendent live to's Sacred Majestie.

F *RANCIS*, Free, *your* Name *doth signifie.*
R *ight* good Name *doth the* Owner *dignifie:*
A *nd may the* holie Spirit *you* comfort *give,*
N *ur tur'd on* Earth, *in* Heaven *for to live.*
C *asting your* care *on* God, *and* him *to* serve.
I *n* health *and* sickness*e*, *till* grim Death *shall come.*
S *weetly* resting *in* hope, *till* Day *of* Dome.

P *leasures immortal may you e're enjoy.*
O *n* earth, *and* heav'n, *past this* vain Worlds *annoy.*
U *p may your* soul *mount, to* eternal bless;
L *ord give you* true, *and* perfect happiness.
E *'re may you shine, like* starr, *celestial* bright;
T *'enjoy the* comforts *of* transcendent Light.

On

On Coming to the Right Worſhipfull Sir

COVRTNEY POLE,

Knight and Barronet, his Court Holden at *Brodwinſor* in the County of *Dorſet* the Fourth day of *Aprill* 1661. to take the Oath of *Alegiance.*

WElcome to Brave Sir *Courtney Pole* his Court:
Where many *Loyall Subjects* do reſort,
Come Sware With joy to be true to your *King*:
It was the hand of God that did him bring,
Into his *Native Land* to *Rule* and *Raigne*:
Rejoyce now Loving Friends, with might and maine,
That the King doth ſway the ſepter of this Land:
Oh! be true and Faithfull, to his Command.
Do you what good, true *Subjects* doth befit:
That you may hereafter downe in *Heav'n* ſit;
With Faithfull *Abraham*, and his bleſt traine:
With *Saints* and *Angles* there for to remayne.

The

The Clouds of blackneſſe, Now are paſt away
Our *Soveraigne Lord* hath brought a Glorious Day.
Let then your Loyal hearts: with true Love burne:
After you're ſworne you may againe returne:
Vnto your Houſes: or Places Where you Dwell,
Wiſhing and praying, none More may rebell.
Living in peace and Loving Each other:
Doing good, not hurt to your Deare brother.
Let Wrath and Anger ceaſe, that God may bleſſe:
And ſend you Everlaſting Happineſſe.
May'th the King, and's People live and ſo accord,
Truly to love and ſerve our gratious Lord.
May the King and's People live and agree,
In true Love, Peace, and perfect Amitie

On

On hearing *of his* honoured, *and* reverend Kinſman,

Edward Reynolds,

Doctor in *Divinity*, conſecrated
Lord *BISHOP* of *NORWICH*.

As God hath call'd you to a Biſhops Seat,
Long may you live, and preach Gods Word compleat.
May your holy life give ſuch example;
That your Charge o're Sin and Vice may trample:
May your holy life ſuch example give,
That may proclaim, that Chriſt in you do live;
And by his power doth foul Sin deſtroy:
And ſo at laſt enter your Maſters Joy.
Welcome dear Kinſman, to *Norwich* City,
A place rare, ancient, famous, and pretty,
By your heavenly Doctrine you mount aloft;
And ſhow how Chriſt mans ſinful ſoul hath bought.
The precioufneſs of Faith you do deſcrie:
And mount the Soul up to Eternitie:
To ſee the face of Chriſt through holy Faith;
To behold his Word, what our Saviour ſaith.

Repentance

Repentance alſo you declare to men:
God bleſs your heav'nly Tongue, and golden Pen
And all your parts of Body, Soul, beſide;
That you may o're a heav'nly Flock ſtill guide:
To Heav'nly *Canaan*, that Cœleſtial Hill,
Comfort the Saints with heav'nly *Manna* ſtill.
God long continue your moſt happy dayes;
To tune your Tongue, to your Creators praiſe:
Inſpire your heart with a heav'nly flame;
As long as life continue praiſe his name.
Accept my language from a faultring Pen,
Who will reverence you 'mongſt worthi'ſt men.
Oh happy then, when holy Saints doth greet;
May we at leſt our bleſſed Saviour meet,
And go with him into eternal bliſs,
To have a Manſion with thoſe Saints of his.
When your work is ended, and parted hence,
God give your Soul a happy recompence.
When that your days, on Earth are paſt and done,
God make you happy to behold his Son.
When that your days on Earth ſhall paſs away,
God grant your ſoul a Divine Halcion day.
For thoſe famous learn'd books you *do* indite,
May God your Name in's book of Life down write.
When Death ſhall ſhut, and cloſe up your bleſt eyes
May your Soul with Angels mount 'bove the Skies.
Where Saints, Holy Martyrs, all that are Bleſt:
There may your Bleſſed Soul, for ever reſt.

ON

Reading of ſome part of the Church

HISTORY

Of

BRITAIN:

Writen

By the learned Pen of that Famous Hiſtorian.

THOMAS FULLER D. D.

FRom time of Pagan Britains, laſt of Kings;
That rul'd, and Raign'd, in this Famous Iſle;
Thou do'ſtin ample manner, ſo place things:
By thy melifuous, and moſt learned ſtile.
From birth of Jeſus Chriſt, our moſt dear Lord:
Thou do'ſt begin thy ſacred Hiſtory,
Concluding Truth, out of his Holy word,
And do'ſt unfold, many hiden miſtery.

The

The Church of *Britain*, thou do'ſt ſo ſet forth,
Advance its Glory, and make it ſhine bright;
That After-Ages may behold thy worth,
And ſee its ſplender, in the Darkſome night.
How many learned Books, haſt thou turnd o're?
Extract the quintiſence, of Ancient times:
And taught the world; what they knew not before,
Enriching their minds, with thy Precious lines.
Grand Mirrour of this Nation to Advance,
Your worth and Fame, there wants a Homers Pen:
For to ſet forth, things Paralel to men,
Of Higheſt learning, and of greateſt Fame,
For to Preſerve Thy Rich: and famous Name.
Whiles *Britain's* Iſle doth flouriſh, and wax green,
Thy Famous works with wonder ſhall be ſeen,
And be Renown'd unto After-Ages:
In your well writ, Admir'd, and learned Pages.
The Ancient *Britiſh* Church thou do'ſt revive:
Advance, Coroberate: and keep alive.
Old Father-*Time*, Thou do'ſt confer with all:
Materials for thy Building; great, and ſmal,
Out of many Studies, in this land:
Thou haſt made ſearch, with thy learned hand.
The Famous *Britiſh* Iſle, Thou 'aſt ſurrounded:
Both Truth and falſhood, You 'ave deeply ſounded:
Whiles that Great *Britain*, bears that famous Name:
Your learned works ſhall ſtil preſerve thy Fame:
Let others write, in whatſoever ſtile:
Thy writings ſhall be Mirrour, in this Iſle;
Spred far, and travel into other lands:
Be Admir'd, that come from your curteous hands.

Your

Your famous Books, ſhall preſerve your Name:
And Angels high reſound your Trump of Fame.
The Famous Worthies of After Ages:
Shall admire your Golden learned Pages.
As long as God by time ſhall leave a man;
All ſorts of men your Books ſhall love to ſcan. (eyes:
When life's ended; and Death ſhall cloſe your
Your Body Imortal to Glory, ſhall Ariſe.

Ac-

ACCROSTICKS

ON

The HONOURABLE and truly NOBLE

SIR WIL. MORICE KT.

One of the

SECRETARIES OF STATE

Unto His moſt

EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

K. CHARLES II.

WHiles that you ponder on the Kings Affairs,
Judicious Sir, for to advance the State;
Labring diligently, early and late:
Lord guide your faithful heart to ſerve our King,
In Gods due time let Angels your ſoul bring;
Aſcending up, and then with Angels fly:
Mount up aloft unto the Hea'vns high.

Majeſtick *Morice*, with your Golden Pen,
Of your great Actions, and Affairs of Men,
Rich, rarer Pen then mine, I want to write,
Royal great things, not mean ones to indite.
In Jeſus Chriſt, you do put all your Truſt:
Chriſt crown your ſoul with Kings amongſt the juſt,
E're you attain it, you muſt turn to duſt.

Wiſedom and Learning doth advance a man,
It makes him prudent; and things duly skan,
Learning adorns a worthy noble mind:
Learning invites men to be curteous kind;
It doth enrich the mind with knowledge ſtore.
Adds luſtre to his parts, and makes them more,
Magnifie Gods great Name, *praiſe him therefore.*

More care and pains no Creature can fulfill;
Oh! you do help both King and Subject ſtill,
Raiſing your heart up to that ſacred hill.
Jeſus ſtill make you happy all your days:
Changes and chances doth not trouble thee,
E're in your mind b'ing noble, loyal free.

Wit, wealth and learniug cannot keep from death;
In dying poſture we yield up our breath.
Labour of mind and body being paſt,
Laid low in grave, we muſt be all at laſt:
In and by Jeſus Chriſt, our Saviour dear,
Ariſe you ſhall out of your grave of duſt,
Mounting aloft to live among the juſt.

Meliſuouſe

M elifuouſe in your words and actions ſtill :
O h ! how I *love*, and honour pens mans skill ,
R eſplendent *raptures* high doth enrich your mind ,
J uſt royal King *Charles* doth you great *buſineſs* find.
C hriſt ſtill direct you, and be e're your guard ,
E ternal *Bleſsings* be your bleſt *Reward*.

W hiles that ingenious fancies ſtir the brain ,
I t makes ſome things appear, but light and vain :
L ord ſo advance your *Wit*, your *Wealth* , and *State* ,
L iving and dying *make you fortunate*
I n Jeſus Chriſt, *your bleſſed Saviour dear.*
A wake, though dead before him, ſhall appear .
M ount up on high, and *Heav'nly Anthems hear*.

M ercy and Truth adorn your *gracious ſp'rit* ,
O n *ſublime things* to think on, and to write.
R obes of *Chriſts righteouſneſs* may you put on,
I n and by him, *that is that holy one :*
C hang'd one day you ſhall be, yet need not fear ;
E nthron'd at laſt *by Chriſt your Saviour dear.*

BE pleas'd to *reliſh* well what I impart ,
I love *my Soveraign* with my *Soul* and *Heart*.
It is in your power *to make me live.*
Oh ! could I to you *Fairer Preſent* give,
Then *mean bare words* of a *Countrey Hue* ,
Not *Court*-like, *Sublime*, which are *fit for you.*
Judicious *Morice*, you do move in *Sphear* ,
Near and about my *Grand Soveraign dear* ;

Your *word* to Him may make me *happy* then :
You ſhall command my *Body*, *Heart* and *Pen*.
Th' *Operation* of my head b'ing old :
My Wit is dul, my brain of temper cold.
If it were hot and ſtrong, ſhould be for you,
The higheſt fruit of *brain* is but your due.
I fear with tedious lines for to offend,
I will therefore conclude, and make an end.
I will, I ſay, end my *earthly ſtory*,
Praying God may crown you with *immortal glory*.

ON

ON THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
VALIANT, AND TRULY
NOBLE MINDED GENT.

SIR JOH. CLOBERY
Knight.

JUſtice and Goodneſs doth your heart affect;
On ſacred works you do no time neglect:
Heavenly thoughts your mind doth pitch upon,
None, none but Chriſt, I there let it fix on.

Chriſt hath advanc'd you by his word and ſword,
Laud and praiſe ſtill your bleſſed heav'nly Lord.
Oh! may your actions ever happy be,
Bleſſed for ever to Eternity
Everlaſting Lord your ſoul ever bleſs.
Raiſe up your heart and mind to happineſs
Yn and by Jeſus Chriſt his righteouſneſs.

J ngenuous Sir, I love your valiant Arts,
O n *Vertue* grounded, and *renowned parts.*
H eavenly fire doth inflame your *brave mind:*
N ought can remain of *duſt*, b'ing thus *refin'd.*

C ares and great troubles doth attend the *Saints*;
L ord hear my honour'd friend, *his juſt complaints*,
O pen the gates of Heav'n, and entrance make
B y *fervent prayer*, for thy Saviours ſake.
E 're thou wert born, thou wert ordain'd to dye:
R aiſe up your heart to 's heav'nly Majeſty;
Y In height of bleſs, up with *bright Angels* fly.

J oy after ſorrow, *you enjoy at laſt:*
O h render thanks, *now griefs are over paſt.*
H eav'n made you happy by a gracious King,
N New praiſes to your *Maker* daily ſing.

C hriſt at laſt give your ſoul eternal gain,
L abour being paſt, and all *Earthly pain.*
O h Lord make you happy in life and death:
B e careful in ſpending your *vital breath.*
E ver in praiſe and honour of Gods name,
R aiſed by Chriſt to place of happineſs,
Y nveſted be in's Robes of Righ couſneſs.

ON THE
HONOURABLE COLONEL,
AND
MY EVER HONOURED FRIEND
SIR JOHN DRAKE
Knight and Baronet, &c.

RIght noble Knight I do admire your wit,
In acting of high *matters*, proper, fit.
Your Love was ever constant to the Crown,
Which hath purchas'd you *great and high renown*.
Your Name shall ever flourish and wax green,
And 'mongst the *Worthies* of this age be seen.
Your Wisdom solid is, moves in due place,
It advanceth your name, and noble race. (*)
Who can in *England* exceed *Drakes* great Name?
His worthy Ancestors of noble Fame.
Thou didst out-strip the Kings En'mies: Please him still,
And to his Laws obedient and to his will.
His presence did revive your loyal heart,
His ablence did increase your greater smart.

(*) Of Knights and Baronets.

The

The *Crommelites* from him could get no Bayes,
It was to the King he didowe his praiſe.
He would not yield to any Tyrant great;
In his actions he walk'd upright, compleat.
Oh what a high and lofty brain he had!
Not to buckle, with Ruler was ſo bad.
Who durſt to ſit in's *Royal Soverains Throne*,
Which did belong to our King *Charles* alone.
He could not therefore love him in his heart,
For ſhooting at King *Charles* his *mortal dart*.
He was the man, King *Charles* his blood did ſhed;
He was accurſed both alive and dead,
For cutting off King *Charles*'s ſacred head.
Oh, how he did ſuck that moſt precious blood,
Who to three Nations would have done much good.
Drake's fit to be Counſelor to a King:
He ever ready was comforts to bring.
His Wit's profound, his Genius mounts up high.
He ſerves his royal Maſter faithfully.
I muſt conclude, Gods Spirit did you guide,
That in your acting did not walk aſide.

AN

ELEGIE

ON THE

Death of that moſt Excellent, Religious and unparralel'd Queen of

BOHEMIA,

Only Daughter to

JAMES KING OF GREAT *BRITAIN*,

SISTER TO *CHARLES* THE FIRST,

AND

WIFE to the moſt Illuſtrious ELECTOR,

FREDERICK KING OF *BOHEMIA*.

A Brave ſtately Cedar's faln in this land;
There's no withſtanding of th' Almighties hand.
Ah cruel death, why didſt thou now appear?
To rob us of a Jewel rich and rare.
The Mirrour of this Iſle is now deceaſt,
Her death hath many Mourners now increaſt.
My gracious King and Nobles they do mourn,
And faithful ſervants o're her ſacred Urn

They mourn in heart, with black Cloaks to the ground,
For ſuch a Queen on earth's ſcarſe to be found.
This vertuous Queen of fair *Bohemian* land,
who in the true faith did moſt firmly ſtand
Of all the famous Nations far and near,
Her like and parralel doth not appear.
She was extracted from a Royal ſtock;
Death came too ſoon, and at her door did knock.
James that great King of Peace, and learned skill,
Death would not ſpare for all his learned quill:
Nor yet his vertuous daughter ſhining bright,
But muſt away with him in ſable night.
Great Queen of *Sheba* not more vertuous rare,
Then this great Queen within our Hemiſphear.
When death doth ſummon, we muſt all away,
From Princely furniture, to beds of clay.
Before Queen *Anne*, that famous Queen ſhe dy'd,
There was before a glorious ſtar eſpy'd.
'Twas of wonder and admiration:
'Tis ſad to yield account of its ſtation.
Many ſad things it did portend i'th' end,
Which God Almighty then did quickly ſend:
Great Wars and Blood-ſhed then did after come,
Which rang'd o're many parts of Chriſtendome:
But *Germany* did feel the ſtroke moſt great,
A heavy Famine little for to eat.
King *James* that learned and renowned King,
Which to this Kingdom did great Bleſſings bring
Of Peace and Happineſs to this Nation,
Both Penty, Riches, and ſtately faſhion.
God hath Crown'd our Nation with great content,
A gracious King, and bleſſed Parliament.

God

King *James* did write of that ſtrange *blazing ſtar*;
Seen before Queens *Anns* death, that Princeſs rare
'Twas to invite this *Gueſt* God *ſent this ſtar*,
Whoſe friends and neareſt kin *good Princeſs* are:
Who though *they run the race of men, and dye*,
Death ſerves *but to refine their Majeſty.*
So did my Queen from hence her *Court remove*,
And *put on death*, to be *enthron'd above:*
Then ſhe's not dead, but *ſleeps* no good *Prince* dyes,
But like the *Days-Sun, only ſets to riſe.*
Since her ſad death, *a bright ſtar did appear*:
I hope our *Royal Queen* will ſoon land here,
And will arrive at this *famous City*,
With *noble Lords*, *ſweet Ladies*, and *pretty.*
Cleopatria not equal to thee,
Though fil'd with *riches*, perfect *Majeſty*,
Attended with a ſumptuous *ſtately Train*,
Yet was at laſt by poyſonous *Aſp* there ſlain.
This bleſſed Queen was by death ſummon'd hence,
Rais'd up to Heav'n to receive recompence.
The *bleſſed Angels* did her ſoul convay,
Freed from all Troubles, and the worlds annoy:
At laſt to enter her grand Maſters joy,
Her many choice vertues for to recount,
Would up into a fair Great volumn mount,
I want a *Homer* or a *Mayhews* pen,
Her worth and vertues to declare to men:
Her faith and patience was of that brave fame,
Which ſhall preſerve her great and famous name:
Some famous Poet ſhall adorn your Herſe,
And make you live by his immortal verſe.

Du Bartus, heav'nly Poets fit to write
Of your rare Vertues which did ſhine moſt bright.
Beams of Eternal light lighten your ſoul,
Rich, rare, tranſcendent without mans controle.
I wiſh your ſoul high perfect happineſs
Amongſt bleſt Saints with everlaſting bleſs.
Tranſcendant happineſs I hope you find,
None but Jeſus Chriſt fil'd your heart and mind.
None but *Anne* and *Elizabeth* like to thee,
In *radiant vertues*, and high Majeſty.
Moſt bleſſed Queen you did prepare for death,
Advanc'd towards heav'n, part with vital breath.
Nature moſt kind, and grace you did ſet forth,
Ever to ſhew your vertues and great worth.
Bright ſhining vertues did your ſoul adorn,
Robes of Chriſts righteouſneſs you have put on,
In and by Jeſus Chriſt moſt happy be,
Aſcend with Angels to the *Trinity*.
No earthly thing doth ſatiate the heart.
The holy Spirit doth all grace impart.
Grand vertuous *Queen* your ways were firm and good,
Advanc'd by Chriſt, your Saviours precious blood.
Night of death came, thou didſt go to be's bride,
Ere to ſit down by Chriſt your Saviours ſide.
Bounty and Gods free love to you *bleſt Saint*
Raiſ'd you up, God heard your juſt complaint.
In full ripe years you were now cal'd away;
Advanc'd by Chriſt, with your bleſt Bridegroom ſtay.
Chriſt call'd you hence unto his Fold;
Our Saviour calls both Young and Old:
No Riches, Honour, Youth can ſtay,
Strong ſturdy Death takes all away.

The

The Baly of our bleſſed Lord,
Away muſt go, obey his word.
No longer time he will neglect,
Chriſts calls away his bleſt elect
Brought now at laſt unto your home.
Riches to have, not of earth's lome.
Indeed that Portion will endure,
Gods mercies are for ever ſure:
Away the went, when Chriſt did call,
No dallying death will take all.
The greateſt, richeſt, and the ſmall:
Brought low by death unto her grave,
Robes of Chriſts righteouſneſs to have.
In Jeſus Chriſt ſhe put her truſt,
And is now gone unto the juſt.
Nothing ſo dear that ſhe did love,
Treaſures immortal did approve.
Chang'd is your body, and refin'd ſhall be;
Call'd to the preſence of the Trinity.
Night of death come, with Angels ſhe did fly
Saints to live with to all Eternity.
Chriſt hath remov'd you to a greater joy,
Earths comforts, unto heavens, but a toy.
In earthly things there's but little pleaſure,
Above the skie is immortal treaſure.
Chriſt ranſom'd your ſoul with his precious blood,
Only that Balm can do our ſouls moſt good,
Near Jeſus Chriſt, I hope your ſoul doth reſt,
Sav'd by your Saviour, lives amongſt the bleſt.
The ſoul is wearied by its travels here,
Away ſhes gone unto her Saviour dear.

Her

Her glaſs being run, her ſoul is fled away
With her Redeemer ever for to ſtay.
What can I think, ſpeak, or write more then?
She doth deſerve! ſhall have a better Pen.
To write of her high Vertues, glorious Name,
Which learned Authors ſhall recount her Fame.
Chriſt is your bleſſed Spouſe, your Birdegroom, All,
Your God, your Saviour, King Emperial.
He hath advanc'd you to eternal bliſs,
Let's be as careful not to do amiſs.
She was a mother unto Princeſs ſtore,
God bleſs them here on earth, and evermore.
Their ſeverel names I cannot recount;
Some are on earth, others to heav'n did mount.
Prince *Robert* is a ſtout couragious wight,
And hath put many enemies to flight:
God bleſs his Highneſs long here on the earth,
And make him truly happy at his death.
Grieve not immoderately, brave Prince, her ſon,
For your dear mother that is dead and gone
From earth to heav'n, that bleſſed place of reſt,
To live with glorious Saints for ever bleſt.
Wherefore then ſhould I ſay, that ſhe's dead;
Whenas ſhe's gone, where life it ſelf is bred.
Then mourn no more but ſet your heart at reſt,
You ſhall be like her carcaſe in the cheſt:
As num, as wan, as pale and cold as ſhe,
Pray God your lives and deaths no worſe may be.
Grieve then no more, put not your mind to pain,
For her pure ſoul in heaven doth remain.
He that writes more, more time of grief muſt borrow,
Let him then bring his wit, I'le bring my ſorrow.

ACCROSTICKS

On her moſt ſacred

MAIESTY.

E lizabeth bleſſed peace of the Lord,
L oving his Saints, and his ſacred word.
I n Jeſus Chriſt you did put all your truſt,
Z ealous for Religion, lives amongſt the juſt.
A bleſſed change you lived for to ſee,
B leſſed be God, his ſacred Majeſty:
E nthron'd compleat in his dear Fathers *Throne*;
T he praiſes chiefly belongs to God alone;
H oſanna let us ſing to that holy One.

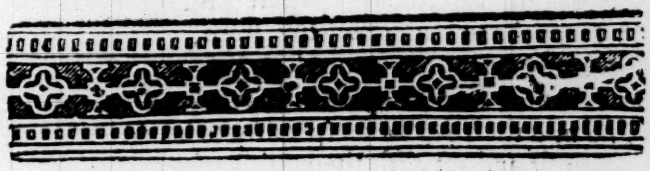
Q ueen 'bove all Queens in glory bright,
U p mounted high unto that heav'nly light.
E ternal Joyes now to be partaker,
E ver to praiſe with Saints your Creator;
N ow ſinging Anthemes to your bleſſed Maker.

O f all the bleſſings of a righteous ſoul,
F reedom from ſin, and this vile worlds controle.

By

By death of Christ you have obtain'd life,
Overcome the world, and all mortal strief.
Hallalujahs sing in his height of bless,
Ever partaking of heav'ns happiness.
Made now a member of that heav'nly host;
In praising Father, Son, and holy Ghost.
Angels convey'd your soul, that heav'nly Post.

Away she's gone unto that place of bless,
Immortal Saints enjoy full happiness:
Adieu blest Queen, we mortals will prove just,
Always esteeming your most precious dust,
The grave hath your body, world your fame,
Heaven your *soul*, your son preserves your *Name*.
Though *you be gone*, your fame is left behind.
I hope your son will prove as gracions kind.
My muse is dull, my *Taper* gives dim light,
Yet may invite some better *Pens to write*.
I le put an end to this my *mortal story*,
Hoping God hath *crown'd* her with *immortal glory*.



On Hearing of the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

JOHN MERREFIELD Eſq;

Made one of the

KINGS SERJEANTS

AT

LAVV,

And in Election to be a Judge.

WHen our renowed King *Charls* came to his *Court*,
Many Lords and noble perſons did reſort,
Who came to ſee 'm, and *kiſs his royal hand*,
B'ing come from far into his native land.
All ſorts of men of our brave Engliſh Nation,
Were glad in heart for their *Kings reſtauration*.
It was a time then freely for to give,
To ſee their gracious King then for to live

In royal Honour, and in noble Fame,
God long increaſe, and propagate his Name,
It was a time to confer honours ſtore,
The cauſe did well require long before.
Brave *Monck* and *Patriots* did love our *King*,
Who us'd their *beſt means* ſpeedily to bring
Him to ſit and act with them in's Parliament,
To make *good Laws* with one and *joynt conſent*.
As *Guerdon* of's love did the King impart
Rewards of *honour* for their good deſert.
Of thoſe brave Nobles and *deſerving men*,
I'm far unworthy to recount by Pen:
Yet may I not my *honoured friend forget*,
Whoſe *former favours* make me much *in debt*.
Let *Merrefields* name advance to his height,
May Kings and Princes in him *take delight*.
From *worthy Squire*, ſurmount an *noble Knight*.
I heard that King *Charles* will make him a Judge:
His demeanor is ſuch, no man will grudge,
To hear of his good and high *preferment*,
Which long continue till his *interment*.
Loyal learned *Merrefields* worth do ſhine
In *equal ſplendor* to ſome *rare Divine*.
I did long ſince conceive within my breſt,
When that my *Royal Soverain* came to reſt,
And to ſit down *on his dear Fathers throne*,
For to enjoy *three kingdoms of his own*:
That then his *Majeſty* would him advance,
When being come from *Holland*, fertile *France*,
Meer *love* and *favour* would my *Sovraign* move
On honeſt *Merrefield* to fix his love.

For

For *Learning*, *Law*, *Loyalty*, and the rest,
He doth deserve 'mongst Lawyers counsel best.
When he shall come to sit in justice *place*,
Lewd vitious men he will then disgrace,
Advance the vertuous, and the *godly man*,
And of mens *various actions* duly scan.
When he shall mount up to grand *Justice seat*,
His parts with *lustre*, then will seem compleat.
Immitate honest *Crew*, *Hutton*, *Denham*,
Doddridge Walters, *Jenkins*, *Crook* and *Popham*:
Both these and many learned Lawyers more:
Their worth he'l practice, and yet keep in store.
My Pen is weak and lame for to set forth,
His *profound wisdom*, and his *noble worth*,
Full fraught with *favours* of his *Soveraign Lord*,
Stil careful to preserve *Gods sacred word*.
E're may you have *your Kings love here on earth*,
King of Kings make you happy in your death.
May Gods *Spirit* joy you e're above all,
Be ready when God for your soul shall call.
As there are several degrees 'mongst men,
So in Heav'n, Saints, Angels and Syraphen.
As the *King hath honoured* my dear friend,
So to his Family let it extend.
According to his worth let's praises yield
Unto that well *deserving Merrefield*.
After all honour when't shall please your Maker,
Of *heavens joys* may you be made *partaker*.
Enough you'l have when *Angels* shall you bring
To glory your blest *soul* to Christ your King.

ON

HEARING

OF THE

DEATH

Of my dear and admired

SOVERAIGN LORD,

KING

CHARLES

the First.

GRief doth afflict, and pierce my tender heart,
That death hath ſlain my Soverain with his *dart*,
Cannibals they were, did act the devils part,
Make brave *royal* Branches, and whole Kingdoms ſmart.

Was

Was there no *mean* to qualifie your *ire* ?
But that your wrath must burn with *hellish fire*.
Oh *cursed Monsters* to do such athing,
To *murder* our *Soveraign Lord* and *King*.
What shall I say, 'twas sin that did provoke
God for to strike us with so *sharpe a stroke*,
For to deprive him of his *precious breath*,
And snatcht his life away by *untimely death*,
Ah *curs'd Miscr'ant* to lay thy hand on *him*,
For to commit so horrid *bloody sin*.
Did not thy heart with sorrow then relent,
And cause thy wicked heart for to *repent* ?
For so great mischief, *bloody*, *crying sin*,
That will eternal vengeance after bring.
Where were thy eys within thy cursed head !
To strike the fonntain of Life, our Soverain dead :
I wept, and bath'd mine eyes in morning tears,
For death of my *dear Soveraign* Lord and *King* :
It was to qualifie my grief and fears :
For that sad Act, Repentance it will bring.
Had I not been in my dear brothers house,
I might been cut by *Soldiers* smal's a mouse :
They would soon have holpt me from my weeping,
And brought me to an nntimely sleepi g.
God will revenge him on that cursed wretch.
Who did his murdering hand out-boldy stretch
For to cut off our gracious *Sov'raigns* head :
The grief thereof did strike me almost dead,
That Monster that did cut off that sacred head,
Did strike the Nobles, and the kingdom dead.

Cap, *Phil. Bungen* Cap in K. *Charl.* the First his Army, liv'd and dy'd at *Waymouth*.

Dead

Dead in Repute, in Misery, and in fame,
Stain to our noble Nation, English name.
The wicked Vipers hasten'd him away,
Gods holy Angels did his soul conveigh
To heav'nly *Canaan*, there to be crown'd King,
With glorious Saints and Angels Anthemes sing.

ON

On ſight of ſuppoſed

ANGELS,

In ſhape of

DUCKS,

Hovering over King *Charles* the firſt, when he was beheaded,

WHy do you talk of *Ducks*? they *Angels* were!
Souldiers could not diſcern them, their eyes
The bright *Angels* waited for to conveigh [b'ing blear.
King *Charle's* ſoul, though's life were made a prey.
His *blood* did *drown* their Conſciences full deep,
Whiles many for our Soveraign Lord did weep.
The *bleſſed Angels* hover d'ore his head,
And waited on him *after he was dead:*
Who did conveigh *his bleſſed ſoul* to bliſs,
To a heav'nly Manſion, endleſs happineſs,

ON

ON

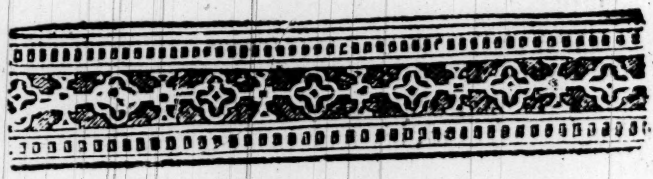
Sight of the Death of that HONOURABLE & LEARNED Kt.

SIR. HEN. HYDE

On the fourth of *March* 1650.

RIch, rare, tranſcendent *Hyde* when thou didſt *die*,
My heart did grieve my eys did weep; the *sky*
Was overcaſt with ſable *blackneſs* ſad,
For to behold an *action was ſo bad*.
Loyal brave *Hyde* when thou didſt looſe thy *head*,
My *heart with grief and inward ſorrow bled*.
The fourth of *March* was that *fatal day*,
That brave Sir *Henry Hyde* was ſnatcht away
by cruel, ſudden and *untimely death*:
Who in *high language* ſpent his vital breath.
He faithfully ſerv'd his royal Maſter,
His enemies made him of *death a Taſter*.
It griev'd me for to ſee his head fall down;
He fell ſo low, *for love unto the Crown*.

I hope brave *Hyde* did not the Merchants wrong,
But that it was a *laſh* of a *falſe tongue.*
I could ſcarce write theſe *lines* without *weeping eye:*
My *eyes* did weep when that *brave ſoul did die.*
Though's *body* dead, his ſoul ſhall e're remain
With his Lord Chriſt for ever to reign.
Henry, Rich Lord, it doth import,
E're lov'd the word, to it reſort.
No man more loyal to his King,
Rebellious men did his ſoul ſting,
Yet's Prayers did in Gods ears ring.
Hyde laid down his life for ſerving his King
In loyal manner, *b'ing a bleſſed thing.*
Death did not ſad him, nor his heart *diſmay*,
Expecting to live *with his Lord Chriſt alway.*
His ſoul is gone *to eternal reſt*,
Ended now is his *mortal ſorrow*,
No piercing cares can him moleſt,
Everlaſting joyes did him follow.
Repine not therefore *at his bliſs*;
If thou live well, *thy joy ſhall be like his.*
Hope doth aſſure me, *Hyde's* ſoul's gone to *heav'n*:
In this *life*, though of's life he were bereav'n.
Death did deprive *him here of a few days*:
Enemies ſent him to *heav'n* his God to praiſe.



On Sight and Hearing of my

HONOURED FRIEND,

GEORGE FULFFORD, Esq;

One of His

Majesties Justices of the PEACE

For the County of

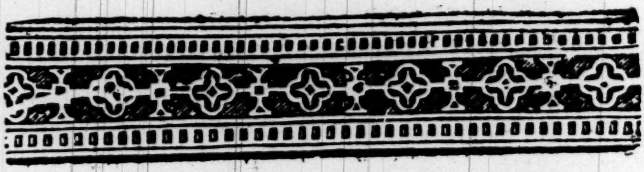
DORSCET,

at Prayers with his Family, the tenth of *August*, 1661.

BY fervent Prayer thou dost so discry,
And raise the *soul up to Eternity.*
Mount up *rich soul* with your *heart and voice,*
And cause those hear you, *in their hearts rejoyce.*
God long continue *your most happy days,*
To tune *your tongue to your Creators praise.*
Inspire your heart *with a heavenly flame,*
As long as life continue, *praise his name.*

Assist

Assist you in *your Prayers by his spirit,*
After *may your soul heav'n inherit.*
Accept my language from a *faultring pen,*
Who will reverence you 'mongst *worthy men.*
May your prayers ascend and pierce the sky,
And your soul *mount* up, and with *Angels* fly.
After you've done your service, parted hence,
God give your *soul in heav'n a recompence.*
When that your *days on earth are past away,*
God give your soul a *divine alchion day.*
Christs precious *blood's* your balm, that *balms* your bless,
God bring your soul to *endless happiness.*
By Christs his merits *so rewarded be,*
Make you happy to all *Eternity.*



ON MY HONOURED FRIEND, *GEORGE FULFFORD*, Esq; at Prayers with his Family, &c.

BY zealous Prayer thou doſt ſoar aloft,
Fly up by Faith to Chriſt our ſonls who bought.
Dear 'twas indeed, it coſt him his heart blood,
To ſave our *precious ſouls*, and do men good.
Oh what a various *change* of *divine things*,
Flows from your *bleſt mouth* to the King of Kings,
Your heav'nly tongue doth inchant the ear
With raviſhing comforts of our Saviour dear.
What heav'nly language doth from you flow,
Nectar proceeds from you, though here below.
A conſtant ſervant to our *Soveraign* true,
With honour you are graced, 'tis your due.
Your Graces are divine and eminent.
Tranſlucent ſhine, rich, rare and tranſcendent.
Oh my dear friend you do my mind content,
To admiration, divine raviſhment.

Moſt

Moſt rare you do pray for our gracious King:
The King of Kings your ſoul to glory bring
In his due ſeaſon to a glorious ſtate,
To live and reign with the regenerate.
O what ſweet Raptures doth proceed from thee,
Raviſh the mind with divine Extaſie,
Until my ſoul ſhall up to Heav'n aſcend,
God make me happy with ſo good a friend.
Who can conduct my ſoul to heavenly bliſs,
To full fruition of heav'ns happineſs.
Ah bleſſed ſoul what more then can I ſay,
Night of death come, may you ſee a glorious day.

ON

ON

Sir. ROB. BRET

Wearing a

LEEK

IN HIS

HAT

ON

S. Davids Day,

And in playing Gleek with two Noble Ladies.

FRom Royal *Tuders* ſtock *Eliza* came,
That famous and renowned Queen, whoſe fame
Shall ever live in fair great *Britains* Iſle,
Her gracious Actions ſtill doth on us ſmile:
Her name doth fragrant ſmell amongſt the Saints,
Our gracious King will hear our juſt complaints.

This

This day being *Davids* Saint doth me invite,
To ſhew forth a beam of its radiant light,
A King and Prophet that did bravely raign
Beyond the State of that great *Charlamayn*.
A man very rare after *Gods own heart*,
Oh may we in Gods ſervice bear a part.
Eliza that Majeſtick Royal Queen,
Her Leek on *Davids* Day was to be ſeen,
Which ſhe did wear in honour of that day
In ſilk and ſilver beautiful and gay,
Though firſt of *March* ſeem'd in the moneth of *May*.
The valiant old *Britains* ſtrong and ſtout,
Foild their enemies, and gave them the rout.
The *Leek* did wear and for a ſign diſplay,
Vanquiſht their enemies, made them run away.
It is a joy to ſee the old green Leek
Worn in friends Hats, and ſee them now at *Gleek*.
Theſe noble Ladies doth become the place,
Heroick-like, playes with a comly grace.
Friends, long may you wear Leeks, and at Gleek play,
And when you marry Sir, be an *Alchion* Day.

ON

DR. T. FULLERS

Putting down the

NORMAN RACE,

in his Hiſtory of the Church of *Britain.*

SEt up again that Royal *Norman Race*,
Which you of late turn'd down with ſuch diſgrace.
But you are wiſe to run the race of men,
To change your mind as you can change your Pen.
Is this your noble zeal to Royal Stock,
To turn them down, as of it make a mock!
Turn't up again, and do no longer ſtay,
Leſt being ſpide, it carries gain away,
For writing of that goodly ſtately book,
If that our Soveraiu Lord ſhould on it look;
Peruſe that irkſome paſſage, and it find,
It would no doubt be much againſt his miud:
You did it then 'gainſt your mind and reaſon:
To ſet it up, 't would be conuted treaſon.
But that time is paſt, now a better's come.
Amend that Act leſt you receive your dome.
Now that the learned Doctors life's ended,
Some friend of his may get it to be mended.

ON

ACCROSTICKS,

ON

THO. FULLER

Doctor of Divinity, and late

Prebend of New

SARUM.

THy Name is botomleſs, ſo is your Art:
High skil'd in Hiſtory: for to Impart.
Open your Treaſury, and let men view:
Mines moſt profound of Riches, old, and new.
Aſcend Rare Sir, unto that Radiant skie:
Soare up aloft unto the Heavens high.

Fair

F air Charecters of Grace may your heart hold,
V ertues ſacred, pure, and more worth then Gold.
L ifting up your heart, to your Saviour Dear:
L ow be in ſelf, high in your Hemiſphear.
E 're may you be Bleſt, by Gods Heav'nly Grace:
R aiſ'd up at laſt; to ſee His glorious Face.

T hrones mighty high, ſhall be ſubdu'd at laſt:
H eav'n continues, when Earthly things are paſt.
O h! then Remember Sir, your later end:
M ercy, and Peace obtain to be your friend.
A s all things paſs, on this vain Globe below,
S oar up aloft, where better fruits doth grow.

F ervent in your Prayers, and in Preaching,
U nto Heav'n, you do direct your Teaching.
L ay hold on Chriſt, let him be your ſure Guide:
L ay hold on Him, and you ſhall never ſlide.
E 're that the World was made, he did Elect,
R anſom'd his Servants, and will them Protect.

T ranſcendent, in your Calling, manifold,
H igh Raptures to Declare, out of Gods word.
O pen your mouth wide, and ſet forth his Praiſe:
M ongſt bleſſed Saints, may you ſpend all your Dayes.
A fter this mortal life, is gone and paſt:
S oare up to Heav'n, and live with Chriſt at laſt.

F air, ſacred Beames, that doth your Soul Inſpire:
U p raiſe your Heart, and ſo Inflame deſire.
L ike to a Conduit-pipe, thou do'ſt convay,
L aborious ſweetneſs, and Chriſts Rich Aray.

E'rlaſt-

E 'rlaſting Joyes, prepared for you in ſtore:
R emain for your Bleſt Soul, for evermore.

T ranſlucent *Fuller*, with thy Golden Pen,
H igh Miſteries utter, and declare to Men.
O ld and young, both ſexes, give Dainty food:
M eat ſeaſonable, choice: new, old, and good.
A s Fouutain-like: flow out with ſtreams of Grace:
S aciate enough the Saints, in every Place.

F ull to the Brim, let thy ſweet Nectar flow:
U p to the Higheſt Heav'ns, let your thoughts go.
L aid low in ſelf, moſt high, thy Soul will mount:
L ord let his Rich Soul, be of High account.
E ternal God, Crown him, in his laſt Dayes;
R ecord his Name, for Ever Thee to Praiſe.

ON

ON

The hearing of the general Muſter of the Honorable

COLONEL,

Sr. IR. Iohn Drake.

Knight, *and* Baronet, *one of the* Deputy Lieutenants *of the* County *of* Devon, *and* one *of* his Majeſties *IUSTICES of* the Peace *of the ſaid* County, *in* Regiment, *on* Otery-hill, *the* 20th *of* June. 1661.

LOok, do you ſee on yonder Hill,
The brave bred Souldiers ſhew their skil:
A royal gallant Company appear,
To the Noble Colonel counted dear.
They did their brave rich Colours there diſplay:
Their ſtately Gallantry on a foul Day:
But, at the laſt, the he'vens began to ſmile:
And all did bleſſe, and none did them revile.
The ſeveral Captains did march in ſtate:
And did their Colonel congratulate.

They

They did there then march in brave manner,
And did mount up their rich ſtately Banner.
They did I ſay, their ſtately Colours ſhow:
For others as well as themſelves to know:
Their Feathers wag and their rich Rapiers ſhine,
A Sermon preacht by a ſound rare Divine.
Solid learned *Aſhford* was that brave man,
Oh, may they his profound points duly ſkan.
He did both duty teach of God and King,
And to their joyful hearts much comfort bring.
Look up brave Souldiers ſee your *Cæſars* come,
Advance your pikes ſhoulder musket and make rome.
Suppoſe you ſaw *Alexander the Great*,
A Warrier brave, a Souldier moſt compleat.
Methinks I ſaw *Hanibal Scipio* there;
Brutus, *Tigranes*, *Tamberlain* appear:
Dion, *Phocion*, ſtout *Marius*, and the reſt,
Themiſtocles, *Fabius*, of Souldiers beſt.
Methinks thoſe famous men I did then ſee
A ſumptuous ſtately, gallant Company.
To theſe brave famous men I would advance,
Look on by ſtanders, ſee their Palfraies prance.
In fit ſeaſon advance their Warlike Pikes,
And ſee management of War like Rites.
Great famous *Cæſar* he will come and ſee, *K. Charles.*
You brave Gentlemen march in Your degree.
Oh, had I *Homers* Pen to advance; Yee
And write according to your Company:
Of your deſert and high deſerved merit,
The honour of the day which you inherit.
At another time I do hope to ſee,
You exerciſe your Noble Chivalry.
Mean while kind Gentlemen I do *you* wiſh,
Health and Happineſſe and Eternal bliſſe.

ON MY

WORTHY FRIEND,

Wil. Bragge Esq;

ONE

Of the Captains belonging to the Honorable Colonel,

SIR *JOHN DRAKE* Knight and Baronet, his Regiment.

WHiles that you liv'd, in Accademick Schools,
I t raught you to discern wisemen from fools;
L earning taught you deep knowledge in the Arts,
L earning advanc't you, unto Noble parts.
I n learnings mine, you labour'd to dig deep,
A dvanc'd your Studyes, took the lesser sleep;
M ay God Almighty, you sleeping wakeing keep.

Brave

B rave Education doth good wits Advance;
R aiſe to *Honour* before Death leads his Dance:
A h gracious Soul hereafter Inherit,
G oulden treaſures obtain by Chriſts merit:
G rand Magazin of Wealth beyond compare,
E ternal treaſures in the Heavens there.

W itts nimble fancy you can ſoon peirce,
I ngenious men you do moſt dearly love:
L earnings brave Litrature you do approve,
L ightneſſe of mind though young you 'av laid aſſide.
I n learnings ſweetneſſe you do firm abide,
A yming at laſt to ſatiate your will:
M ay God in's own due time your Ayme fulfill.

B eames of Eternal light lighten your Soul,
R aiſe you above where you may ne're condole:
A n Angel guide you in Divineſt things,
G od give you favor of the King of Kings.
G ive you the knowledge that is high Sublime,
E ternal knowledge, that is pure Divine.

ON

Conſideration of our own

WANTS,

And my Bleſſed SAVIOURS All-ſufficiency.

I Am in ſtraights dear Lord and now do find,
A remedy fit to content my mind:
My pretious Lord Chriſt doth ſupply all things,
In riches far ſurpaſſing Courts of Kings.
He is the grand Lord full of bright Majeſty,
He's the learnedſt Dr. of Divinity.
Divines doth teach to bring us unto him,
He is my head, O make of me a limb.
The Saints account it to be a member,
Lord make me grow in grace and Glorious ſplender.
What can I with that thou wilt then withhold,
The choiſeſt Jewels paſſing pureſt gold.
Thou art my beſt Treaſure, my gold my all,
In thee I live I move and ever ſhall:
Thou art my life, Oh whither can I go,
Out of the way from thee is but to woe.

If

If life I wiſh, death ſurely I ſhall find,
Death hell and ſin againſt me doth combind:
Open the gate that leadeth unto bliſs,
Oh let him bleſs me that Immortal is.
He is that light ye that bright glorious Sun,
Who will make an end as he hath begun:
He is that pretious vine that bore that grape,
Who quench'd the heat of ſin and luſtfull rape.
He is the light of truth that glorious Sun,
Oh without him the world had been undone:
He is the way that leadeth unto life,
Out of that way it leadeth to all ſtrife.
The wide broad way that leadeth unto hell,
Where damned ſouls and devils there doth dwel:
If ever thou doſt mean happy to be,
Take care to ſerve the ſacred Trinity:
The Father Son bleſt ſprite the Holy Ghoſt,
Will keep all Bleſſed ſouls from being loſt.
Chriſt is that Shepheard that doth keep his ſheep,
He is a watchman when his ſoundly ſleep:
He is our Phyſition when we are ſick,
He comforts us againſt ſins mortal prick.
He is that God that wonders great hath wrought,
He is our deareſt friend our ſouls hath bought:
He is the word that teacheth us to live,
He is the Lord that doth all comforts give.
He is that fair poliſh'd and corner ſtone,
He is our God to whom we make our mone:
He is our Saviour and ſalvation,
Who ſav'd our poor ſouls from Damnation.
He is that Bread of life man to preſerve,
Give me thy merits not what I deſerve:

He is the Lyon of fair *Judahs* tribe,
He ſent his ſpirit with us to abide:
He is that ſafe and pretious way of Life,
That comforts all perſons both Man and Wife.
I look unto the way that leads to Bliſſe,
I look unto the truth, fair truth it is.
I look unto the life, that life doth give,
I look to dye, and in him for to live.
He is that bright and Heavenly day Starre,
That guided the wiſe learned men from far.
He is the ſubject of our ſacred ſtory,
He is the Door that enters unto glory.
If then ſo many comforts he doth bring,
Let us be thankfull to our Heavenly King.
I will now then conclude my mortal Storie,
Praying my Soveraign, may be a Starre of Glory.

ON

ACCROSTICKS,

ON

That Rare, and Exquiſite Artiſt,

GEORGE WHARTON, Eſq;

GRand famous *wharton* thou do'ſt write ſublime,
EE nd and begin of maters moſt Divine.
OO nnature of the Starres thou mounteſt high,
RR ules perfect in that Art, thou canſt diſcry.
GG od ad a Bleſſing to thy Heav'nly Art,
EE 're happy be for what thou do'ſt impart.

WW iſdome and Art thou do'ſt reveal to men,
HH igh heav'nly Miſt'ries by thy learned pen:
AA rts hidden and Occult thou do'ſt fet forth,
RR arly expreſsing your moſt Noble worth.
TT hings pleaſant and delightfull thou do'ſt write,
OO n various things which doth mens minds delight;
NN otfit to lye hidden but ſee the light.

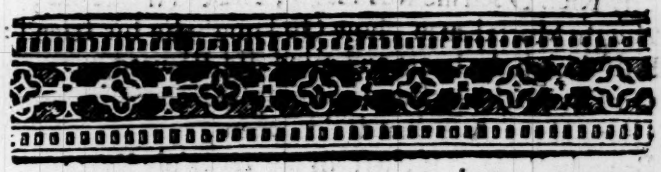
Golden

G olden Artiſt thy Art and learned skil,
E 're will I love, and thy ſtately quil,
O f Planets high and lofty thou cauſt tell:
R ange the *H*eavens and know where they do dwel,
G od give you knowledg 'bove all earthly things,
E 're tor to live with that great King of Kings.

W hiles learned *Wharton* doth Communicate,
H eav'ns ſtately fabrick and Comenſurate:
A ſtronomies learned Art to unfold,
R ich and rare truths unto the world hath told.
T reaſures tranſcendent maiſt thou diſcover,
O n famous Arts of Arts thou 'rt a lover:
N ow learned *Wharton*, the beſt rules recover.

G lory after Death may your Soul obtain,
E ternal happineſſe be your beſt gain:
O h maiſt thou after death aſcend on high,
R aiſed up unto that *H*eav'nly Majeſty.
G od grant hereafter thou maiſt ſee his face,
E nthron'd by Chriſt into a *H*eav'nly place.

W her's nothing wanting for the ſouls content,
H eav'n fills it up with divine raviſhment:
A fter all travels paſt aſcend at laſt,
R aptures to feed on divine rare repaſt.
T hings that tranſcend mans eye and mortal ear,
O n *Sion* hill the like doth not appear;
N one can Thee ſatiate but thy Saviour dear.



ON

My Worthy and Learned friend

Mr. *ROBERT GOMERSALL*,

Batchelor in

DIVINITY,

Late Deceaſed.

THy Learning Language, and Rare Noble parts,
Thy truth, Piety, and deſerving Arts.
What is in Man, thy Braine could comprehend,
Ever Real, and faithfull to thy friend.
Renown'd *Gomerſall*, Thy name ſhall e're live,
I will due praiſes to your Mem'ry give.
Thou Build'ſt a Monument, to dure as long,
As brave great *Brytaine*, ſhall not want a Tongue:
For to expreſs thy worth, and Noble Fame,
Still to Preſerve thy worthy Learned Name.

Thy Rich Doctrine was High, and did transcend,
Taught Mortal man, how God might be his friend:
Rais'd high the heart and mind did Elevate,
On Divine things for to contemplate.
Glory of the Age thou did'st live in,
Brought Presents Rare from our Heav'nly King:
These few lynes are thy Brave fame to Revive,
Thy Books will keep the Memory alive.
What shall I say; As long as sand will Run,
Thy Hower Glass of Fame, shall ne're be Done.

The

The AUTHORS Concluſion.

Dear Countrymen.

EXcuſe my Lines, though they are written plain,
Caſt not on them your Envy or diſdain:
If that my Sov'raign Lord you do love well,
You'l like my Lines for's ſake who doth excel.
He's a gracious King in mercy doth abound,
The like I know not where is to be found.
He's humble, patient, Gentle to command,
And beſt deſerves to rule this famous Land.
He doth abound in meekneſs and in grace,
God make me happy to ſee's bleſſed face.
In Thirty Eight I kiſt his Royal Hand,
By means of's Servant *Monſieur le Grand*:
In Moneth of June his bleſt Hand I did kiſs,
All Health and Happineſſe I do him wiſh;
And pray that he may long and happy raign,
And after Death in Heaven er'e remain.
Let Angels then conveigh his Soul to bleſs,
From Earth to Heaven's Eternal Happineſſe.

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